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But before she went, she looked over her shoulder, and still smiling, said : Wish Miss Liston good-night for me, Mr. Wynne."—AUDREY LISTON'S ROMANCE, p. 3.

AUDREY LISTON'S ROMANCE.*

BY

ANTHONY HOPE.

IT WAS, I believe, mainly as a compliment to me that Miss Audrey Liston was asked to Poltons. Miss Liston and I were very good friends, and my cousin Dora Polton thought, as she informed me, that it would be nice for me to have some one I could talk to about "books and so on." I did not complain. Miss Liston was a pleasant young woman of six-and-twenty; I liked her very much except on paper, and I was aware that she made it a point of duty to read something at least of what I wrote. She was in the habit of describing herself as an "authoress in a small way." If it were pointed out that six three-volume novels in three years (the term of her literary activity, at the time of which I write) could hardly be called "a small way," she would smile modestly and say that it was not really much; and if she were told that the English language embraced no such word as "authoress" she would smile again and say that it ought to; a position toward the bugbear of correctness with which, I confess, I sympathize in some degree. She was very diligent; she worked from ten to one every day while she was at Poltons; how much she wrote is between her and her conscience.

There was another impeachment which Miss Liston was hardly at the trouble to deny. "Take my characters from life?" she would exclaim. "Surely every artist" (Miss Liston often referred to herself as an artist) "must!" And she would proceed to maintain—what is perhaps true sometimes—that people rather liked being put into books, just as they liked being photographed, for all that they grumble and pretend to be afflicted when either process is levied against them. In discussing this matter with Miss Liston I felt myself on delicate ground, for it was notorious that I figured in her first book in the guise of a misogynistic genius; the fact that she lengthened and thickened my hair, converted it from an indeterminate brown to a dusky black, gave me a drooping mustache, and invested my very ordinary work-a-day eyes with a strange magnetic attraction, availed nothing; I was at once recognized; and, I may remark in

passing, an uncommonly disagreeable fellow she made of me. Thus I had passed through the fire. I felt tolerably sure that I presented no other aspect of interest, real or supposed, and I was quite content that Miss Liston should serve all the rest of her acquaintances as she had served me. I reckoned they would last her, at the present rate of production, about five years.

Fate was kind to Miss Liston, and provided her with most suitable patterns for her next piece of work at Poltons itself. There was a young man and a young woman staying in the house—Sir Gilbert Chillington and Miss Pamela Myles. The moment Miss Liston was apprised of a possible romance, she began the study of the protagonists. She was looking out, she told me, for some new types (if it were any consolation—and there is a sort of dignity about it—to be called a type, Miss Liston's victims were always welcome to so much) and she had found them in Chillington and Pamela. The former appeared to my dull eye to offer no salient novelty; he was tall, broad, handsome, and he possessed a manner of enviable placidity. Pamela, I allowed, was exactly the heroine Miss Liston loved—haughty, capricious, *difficile*, but sound and true at heart (I was mentally skimming Volume I). Miss Liston agreed with me in my conception of Pamela, but declared that I did not do justice to the artistic possibilities latent in Chillington; he had a curious attraction which it would tax her skill (so she gravely informed me) to the utmost to reproduce. She proposed that I also should make a study of him, and attributed my hurried refusal to a shrinking from the difficulties of the task.

"Of course," she observed, looking at our young friends, who were talking nonsense at the other side of the lawn, "they must have a misunderstanding."

"Why, of course," said I, lighting my pipe. "What should you say to another man?"

"Or another woman?" said Miss Liston.

"It comes to the same thing," said I. (About a volume and a half I meant.)

"But it's more interesting. Do you think

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she'd better be a married woman?" And Miss Liston looked at me inquiringly.

"The age prefers them married," I remarked.

This conversation happened on the second day of Miss Liston's visit, and she lost no time in beginning to study her subjects. Pamela, she said, she found pretty plain sailing, but Chillington continued to puzzle her. Again, she could not make up her mind whether to have a happy or a tragic ending. In the interests of a tender-hearted public, I pleaded for marriage bells.

"Yes, I think so," said Miss Liston, but she sighed, and I think she had an idea or two for a heart-broken separation, followed by a mutual, lifelong, hopeless devotion.

The complexity of young Sir Gilbert did not, in Miss Liston's opinion, appear less on further acquaintance; and indeed, I must admit that she was not altogether wrong in considering him worthy of attention. As I came to know him better, I discerned in him a smothered self-appreciation, which came to light in response to the least tribute of interest or admiration, but was yet far remote from the aggressiveness of a commonplace vanity. In a moment of indiscretion I had chaffed him—he was very good-natured—on the risks he ran at Miss Liston's hands; he was not disgusted, but neither did he plume himself or spread his feathers. He received the suggestion without surprise, and without any attempt at disclaiming fitness for the purpose; but he received it as a matter which entailed a responsibility on him. I detected the conviction that, if the portrait was to be painted, it was due to the world that it should be well painted; the subject must give the artist full opportunities.

"What does she know about me?" he asked, in meditative tones.

"She's very quick; she'll soon pick up as much as she wants," I assured him.

"She'll probably go all wrong," he said, sombrely; and of course I could not tell him that it was of no consequence if she did. He would not have believed me, and would have done precisely what he proceeded to do, and that was to afford Miss Liston every chance of appraising his character and plumbing the depths of his soul. I may say at once that I did not regret this course of action; for the effect of it was to allow me a chance of talking to Pamela Myles, and Pamela was exactly the sort of girl to beguile the long, pleasant morning hours of a holiday in the country. No one had told Pamela that she was going to be put in a book, and I don't think it would have made any difference had she been told. Pamela's

attitude toward books was one of healthy scorn, confidently based on admitted ignorance. So we never spoke of them, and my cousin Dora consoled with me more than once on the way in which Miss Liston, false to the implied terms of her invitation, deserted me in favor of Sir Gilbert, and left me to the mercies of a frivolous girl. Pamela appeared to be as little aggrieved as I was. I imagined that she supposed that Chillington would ask her to marry him some day, before very long, and I was sure she would accept him; but it was quite plain that, if Miss Liston persisted in making Pamela her heroine, she would have to supply from her own resources a large supplement of passion. Pamela was far too deficient in the commodity to be made anything of without such re-inforcement, even by an art more adept at making much out of nothing than Miss Liston's straightforward method could claim to be.

A week passed, and then, one Friday morning, a new light burst on me. Miss Liston came into the garden at eleven o'clock and sat down by me on the lawn. Chillington and Pamela had gone riding with the squire, Dora was visiting the poor. We were alone. The appearance of Miss Liston at this hour (usually sacred to the use of the pen), no less than her puzzled look, told me that an obstruction had occurred in the novel. Presently she let me know what it was.

"I'm thinking of altering the scheme of my story, Mr. Wynne," said she. "Have you ever noticed how sometimes a man thinks he's in love when he isn't really?"

"Such a case sometimes occurs," I acknowledged.

"Yes, and he doesn't find out his mistake——"

"Till they're married?"

"Sometimes, yes," she said, rather as though she were making an unwilling admission. "But sometimes he sees it before—when he meets somebody else."

"Very true," said I, with a grave nod.

"The false can't stand against the real," pursued Miss Liston; and then she fell into meditative silence. I stole a glance at her face; she was smiling. Was it in the pleasure of literary creation—an artistic ecstasy? I should have liked to answer yes, but I doubted it very much. Without pretending to Miss Liston's powers, I have the little subtlety that is useful to show me that more than one kind of a smile may be seen on the human face, and that there is one very different from others; and, finally, that that one is not evoked, as a rule, merely by the evolution of the troublesome

enunbrance in pretty writing vulgarly called a "plot."

"If," pursued Miss Liston, "some one comes who can appreciate him and draw out what is best in him——"

"That's all very well," said I, "but what of the first girl?"

"Oh, she's—she can be made shallow, you know; and I can put in a man for her. People needn't be much interested in her."

"Yes, you could manage it that way," said I, thinking how Pamela—I took the liberty of using her name for the shallow girl—would like such treatment.

"She will really be valuable mainly as a foil," observed Miss Liston; and she added generously, "I shall make her nice, you know, but shallow—not worthy of him."

"And what are you going to make the other girl like?" I asked.

Miss Liston started slightly; also she colored very slightly, and she answered, looking away from me across the lawn:

"I haven't quite made up my mind yet, Mr. Wynne."

With the suspicion which this conversation aroused fresh in my mind, it was curious to hear Pamela laugh, as she said to me on the afternoon of the same day:

"Aren't Sir Gilbert and Audrey Liston funny? I tell you what, Mr. Wynne, I believe they're writing a novel together."

"Perhaps Chillington's giving her the materials for one," I suggested.

"I shouldn't think," observed Pamela in her dispassionate way, "that anything very interesting had ever happened to him."

"I thought you liked him," I remarked humbly.

"So I do. What's that got to do with it?" asked Pamela.

It was beyond question that Chillington enjoyed Miss Liston's society; the interest she showed in him was incense to his nostrils. I used to overhear fragments of his ideas about himself which he was revealing in answer to her tactful inquiries. But neither was it doubtful that he had by no means lost his relish for Pamela's lighter talk; in fact, he seemed to turn to her with some relief—perhaps it is refreshing to escape from self-analysis, even when the process is conducted in the pleasantest possible manner—and the hours which Miss Liston gave to work were devoted by Chillington to maintaining his cordial relations with the lady whose comfortable and not over-tragical disposition was taxing Miss Liston's skill.

For she had definitely decided all her plot—she told me so a few days later. It was all planned out; nay, the scene in which the

truth as to his own feelings bursts on Sir Gilbert (I forget at the moment what name the novel gave him) was, I understood, actually written; the shallow girl was to experience nothing worse than a wound to her vanity, and was to turn, with as much alacrity as decency allowed, to the substitute whom Miss Liston had now provided. All this was poured into my sympathetic ear, and I say sympathetic in all sincerity, for although I may occasionally treat Miss Liston's literary efforts with less than proper respect, she herself was my friend, and the conviction under which she was now living would, I knew, unless it were justified, bring her into much of that unhappiness in which one generally found her heroine plunged about the end of Volume II. The heroine generally got out all right, and the knowledge that she would enabled the reader to preserve cheerfulness. But would poor little Miss Liston get out? I was none too sure of it.

Suddenly a change came in the state of affairs. Pamela produced it. It must have struck her that the increasing intimacy of Miss Liston and Chillington might become something other than "funny." To put it briefly and metaphorically, she whistled her dog back to her heels. I am not skilled in understanding or describing the artifices of ladies; but even I saw the transformation in Pamela. She put forth her strength and put on her prettiest gowns; he refused to take her place in the see-saw of society which Chillington had recently established for his pleasure. If he spent an hour with Miss Liston, Pamela would have nothing of him for a day; she met his attentions with scorn unless they were undivided.

Chillington seemed at first puzzled; I believe that he never regarded his talks with Miss Liston in other than a business point of view, but directly he understood that Pamela claimed him, and that she was prepared in case he did not obey her call, to establish a grievance against him, he lost no time in manifesting his obedience. A whole day passed in which, to my certain knowledge, he was not alone a moment with Miss Liston, and did not, save at the family meals, exchange a word with her. As he walked off with Pamela, Miss Liston's eyes followed him in wistful longing; she stole away upstairs and did not come down till five o'clock. Then, finding me strolling about with a cigarette, she joined me.

"Well, how goes the book?" I asked.

"I haven't done much to it just lately," she answered, in a low voice. "I—it's—I don't quite know what to do with it."

"I thought you'd settled."

"So I had, but—oh, don't let's talk about it, Mr. Wynne!"

But a moment later she went on talking about it.

"I don't know why I should make it end happily," she said. "I'm sure life isn't always happy, is it?"

"Certainly not," I answered. "You mean your man might stick to the shallow girl after all?"

"Yes," I just heard her whisper.

"And be miserable afterward?" I pursued.

"I don't know," said Miss Liston. "Perhaps he wouldn't."

"Then you must make him shallow himself."

"I can't do that," she said, quickly. "Oh, how difficult it is!"

She may have meant merely the art of writing—when I cordially agree with—but I think she meant also the way of the world—which does not make me withdraw my assent. I left her walking up and down in front of the drawing-room windows, a rather forlorn little figure, thrown into distinctness by the cold rays of the setting sun.

All was not over yet. That evening Chillington broke away. Led by vanity, or interest, or friendliness, I know not which—tired may be of paying court (the attitude in which Pamela kept him), and thinking it would be pleasant to play the other part for a while—after dinner he went straight to Miss Liston, talked to her while we had coffee on the terrace, and then walked about with her. Pamela sat by me; she was very silent; she did not appear to be angry, but her handsome mouth wore a resolute expression. Chillington and Miss Liston wandered on into the shrubbery, and did not come into sight again for nearly half an hour.

"I think it's cold," said Pamela, in her cool, quiet tones. "And it's also, Mr. Wynne, rather slow. I shall go to bed."

I thought it a little impertinent of Pamela to attribute the "slowness" (which had undoubtedly existed) to me, so I took my revenge by saying with an assumption of innocence purposely and obviously unreal:

"Oh, but won't you wait and bid Miss Liston and Chillington good-night?"

Pamela looked at me for a moment. I made bold to smile.

Pamela's face broke slowly into an answering smile.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Wynne," said she.

"No?" said I.

"No," said Pamela, and she turned away. But before she went she looked over her shoulder, and still smiling, said: "Wish

Miss Liston good-night for me, Mr. Wynne. Anything I have to say to Sir Gilbert will wait very well till to-morrow."

She had hardly gone in when the wanderers came out of the shrubbery and rejoined me. Chillington wore his usual passive look, but Miss Liston's face was happy and radiant. Chillington passed on into the drawing-room. Miss Liston lingered a moment by me.

"Why, you look," said I, "as if you'd invented the finest scene ever written."

She did not answer me directly, but stood looking up at the stars. Then she said, in a dreamy tone:

"I think I shall stick to my old idea in the book."

As she spoke, Chillington came out. Even in the dim light I saw a frown on his face.

"I say, Wynne," said he, "where's Miss Myles?"

"She's gone to bed," I answered. "She told me to wish you good-night for her, Miss Liston. No message for you, Chillington."

Miss Liston's eyes were on him. He took no notice of her; he stood frowning for an instant, then, with some muttered ejaculation, he strode back into the house. We heard his heavy tread across the drawing-room; we heard the door slammed behind him, and I found myself looking on Miss Liston's altered face.

"What does he want her for, I wonder!" she said, in an agitation that made my presence, my thoughts, my suspicions nothing to her. "He said nothing to me about wanting to speak to her to-night." And she walked slowly into the house, her eyes on the ground, and all the light gone from her face, and the joy dead in it. Whereupon I, left alone, began to rail at the gods that a dear, silly little soul like Miss Liston should bother her poor, silly little head about a hulking fool; in which reflections I did, of course, immense injustice not only to an eminent author, but also to a perfectly honorable, though somewhat dense and decidedly conceited, gentleman.

The next morning Sir Gilbert ate dirt—there is no other way of expressing it—in great quantities and with infinite humility.

My admirable friend Miss Pamela was severe. I saw him walk six yards behind her for the length of the terrace; not a look nor a turn of her head gave him leave to join her. Miss Liston had gone upstairs, and I watched the scene from the window of the smoking-room. At last, at the end of the long walk, just where the laurel-bushes mark the beginning of the shrubberies—on

the threshold of the scene of his crime—Pamela turned round suddenly and faced the repentant sinner. The most interesting things in life are those which, perhaps, by the inevitable nature of the case, one does not hear; and I did not hear the scene which followed. For a while they stood talking—rather, he talked and she listened. Then she turned again and walked slowly into the shrubbery. Chillington followed. It was the end of a chapter, and I laid down the book.

How and from whom Miss Liston heard the news which Chillington himself told me, without a glimmer of shame or a touch of embarrassment, some two hours later, I do not know; but hear it she did before luncheon; for she came down, ready armed with the neatest little speeches for both the happy lovers.

I did not expect Pamela to show an ounce more feeling than the strictest canons of propriety demanded, and she fulfilled my expectations to the letter; but I had hoped, I confess, that Chillington would have displayed some little consciousness. He did not; and it is my belief that, throughout the events which I have recorded, he retained, and that he still retains, the conviction that Miss Liston's interest in him was purely literary and artistic, and that she devoted herself to his society simply because he offered an interesting problem and an inspiring theme.

An ingenious charity may find in that attitude evidence of modesty; to my thinking, it argues a more subtle and magnificent conceit than if he had fathomed the truth, as many humbler men in his place would have done.

On the day after the engagement was accomplished Miss Liston left us to return to London. She came out in her hat and jacket and sat down by me; the carriage was to be round in ten minutes. She put on her gloves slowly and buttoned them carefully. This done, she said:

"By the way, Mr. Wynne, I've adopted your suggestion. The man doesn't find out."

"Then you've made him a fool?" I asked, bluntly.

"No," she answered. "I—I think it might happen though he wasn't a fool."

She sat with her hands in her lap for a moment or two, then she went on, in a lower voice:

"I'm going to make him find it out afterward."

I felt her glance on me, but I looked straight in front of me.

"What, after he's married the shallow girl?"

"Yes," said Miss Liston.

"Rather too late, isn't it? At least, if you mean there is to be a happy ending."

Miss Liston enlaced her fingers.

"I haven't decided about the ending yet," said she.

"If you're intent to be tragical—which is the fashion—you'll do as you stand," said I.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "if I'm tragical, I shall do as I stand."

There was another pause, and rather a long one; the wheels of the carriage were audible on the gravel of the front drive. Miss Liston stood up. I rose and held out my hand.

"Of course," said Miss Liston, still intent on her novel, "I could——" She stopped again, and looked apprehensively at me. My face, I believe expressed nothing more than polite attention and friendly interest.

"Of course," she began again, "the shallow girl—his wife—might—might die, Mr. Wynne."

"In novels," said I, with a smile, "while there's death there's hope."

"Yes, in novels," she answered, giving me her hand.

The poor little woman was very unhappy. Unwisely, I dare say, I pressed her hand. It was enough, the tears leaped to her eyes; she gave my great fist a hurried squeeze—I have seldom been more touched by any thanks, however warm or eloquent—and hurried away.

THE WINDS OF MARCH.

The winds of March are blowing past
With roar and rush and rumble;
Their airy coursers gallop fast,
And never shy or stumble.

About the chimney-tops they fling
And all the shutters rattle,
Making the open fireplace ring
With sounds of mimic battle.

Yet bashful swain nor blushing maid
Can deem the March winds hateful—
She slyly feigns to be afraid,
And he—well, he is grateful.



I.

Cholly—Ah, there's Miss Upperup across the street. Wait till I catch her eye, and I'll make a stunning bow.



II.

The Bow.



III.

Stunned.

Then and Now.

"I wish I could listen to you all night," he said, tenderly, as he kissed her at the door.

But that was before they were married and he had contracted the habit of coming home late from the club.

Just a Hint.

Staylate—I wish the poets who sing so much of love would give one an idea of how to win it.

Pruella—Wasn't there one of them who wrote that absence makes the heart grow fonder?

A Winner.

Romeo—Tell me how I may succeed in winning her.

Mercutio—Invent some troubles and confide them to her.

Caused Others To.

Recording Angel—We have 1,176,432,169 cuss words charged up against you.

Shade—But I never swore in my life!

Recording Angel—No; but you played a fiddle.



Easy.

Miss Gotham—I wish I knew how to get rid of him.

Mrs. Binthere—Marry him and move to Chicago.

Rivals.

Perdita—We have discovered that we are rivals, you know.

Tom Barry—Ah, you both love the same fellow?

Perdita—Oh, no—but the same fellow loves both of us.

"What sayeth the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children to this?"



EXPLAINED.

Hazel—He said it was her fault that his love grew cold.

Nutte—She must have been from Boston.

CHOICE CHATS WITH CHAPPIES.

Clarence—The young lady who sat in your lap last Sunday evening was very rude indeed. She should have known better. It was not your place to tell her, however, and we are glad that you passed the matter by without protest. If we were in your place we would—well, can't you arrange it so that we will be in your place next time?

Dickie—A few choice phrases from foreign tongues will lend an added charm to your conversation. Here are a few: Bon Dieu, Sacré, Sapristi, Ventre-Saintgris, Mille Tonnerres, Donnerwetter. Use with aplomb.

Reginald—We are glad you are going to die, but we really do not like to advise in the matter of a necktie for your burial. As for ourselves, we always wear Nile green, but we are considered eccentric in many ways.

Thomas—You can undoubtedly play better golf in trousers of a delicate lavender color than you could in baby blue. The choice of perfumery is also important. Go-'lang Go-'lang sends the ball further than any other we know of. It will be a pretty idea to have your golf sticks gold plated and set with diamonds, and that alone should win you the championship. Wear link cuffs on the links, of course. Any fool could have told you that. In future ask us questions that only a particular fool can answer.

Nameless—You should attend your christening robed in spotless white. It is perfectly appropriate to cry, especially when the water is poured on your head. Kick, scream, and yell also. By a close attention to these details you will make a name for yourself.

Ralph—It was simply utterly horrid of that girl not to accept you. The idea! May be she thinks she can find a nicer fellow than you are. But she can't. The fact that she was already engaged should have made no difference to her whatever. Send us five dollars and we will send you half of our autograph. The entire scrawl will cost you ten dollars.

THE NAME ON THE STONE.*

BY

WILFRID GALT.



FLASH of yellow light, striking downward upon a man's face and breast. Faintly visible, behind the light, a dark and tall figure. Kneeling, in the edge of the light, and splashed by it on hands and arms, another figure, uniformed.

The kneeling man raises his head, bringing his own face into the light.

"Do you know him, Warner?" he asks.

"No," answers the other, in whose hand is the lantern by the light of which the little group is made visible. "Is he dead?"

"Dying."

There is a moment's pause. The officer supports the dying man's head. The patrolman, keeping the light steady upon the stranger, takes mental note of his appearance.

He sees a man of nearly fifty. The pallor of death struggles out through the bronze hue of the skin. Abundant, wavy, gray hair clusters about the forehead, which is broad and high.

The man is well clothed in garments of a dark color. His waistcoat is open, showing a great red stain upon the shirt.

"There's the knife," says Policeman Warner, pointing downward.

The roundsman picks it up. It is a strange weapon, with a very thin blade which is pointed like a needle, yet has a cutting edge. Its appearance suggests the far East.

These observations require only a glance at the man and another at the knife. No time is wasted. It is scarcely a minute since the roundsman, on his way through York alley to meet the patrolman on Sherman street, found the body on the flagstones.

Dr. Borden's drug store has an entrance on the street and another on the

alley. The lights were just being put out in the store, which is closed at midnight.

"We must carry him into Borden's," said Roundsman Breen.

He bent forward to lift the upper part of the body, and in so doing raised the man's right hand, bringing it into the circle of the light.

"What's he got there?" cried Warner.

Breen took the object from the man's hand. It was a lead pencil.

"Can he have written anything?" said Breen. "I don't see any paper."

"Maybe he scratched something on the stones," rejoined the other, holding his lantern close down to the pavement.

"I can't see anything there," said Breen. "We must not waste this fellow's time looking for it. He hasn't much to spare, and what little he has may be worth a good deal, if he can be restored to consciousness."

Hastily lifting the unconscious burden, they bore it to the druggist's shop. The man in charge there was a physician who had failed years before in his profession, but from want of business tact rather than from lack of skill. In the present instance he accomplished what both the policemen regarded as little short of a miracle, for he restored to consciousness—at least for a moment—the man who, when he was brought into the store, certainly seemed to be dead.

Breen, Warner, and the doctor were bending over him when he opened his eyes.

"Speak quick, if you've got any questions to ask," whispered the doctor.

"Who did this?" said the roundsman, speaking very distinctly.

There was no answer, although there was an indication of comprehension in the man's eyes. The question was three

times repeated; then the doctor whispered:

"Try something else. Ask his name."

"Who are you?" said Breen.

The man made an effort to speak, but the words could not be understood. Breen bent down till his ear almost touched the dying man's lips. The others heard only a faint, muttering sound. Immediately the man's body stiffened; a shudder passed over it; the eyes became fixed and glassy.

"Dead!" cried the doctor. "Did you catch what he said?"

"The name on the stone," replied Breen. "That's what he said just before he fell back."

Warner stepped toward the side door that opened into the alley.

"I'm with you," cried Breen.

They hurried out, leaving the doctor beside the body. In a few minutes they returned, bringing with them a flagstone which they had torn out of the pavement. On the clean, white surface of this stone had been written with a lead pencil,

*"Henry M. Whitney,
906 Orchard street."*

The doctor read the words, and then exclaimed:

"The murderer's name!"

Breen shook his head.

"This is no murder," he said. "It's a case of suicide."

"Suicide?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Look at the man's waistcoat. It was opened before the blow was struck—not wrenched open, but unbuttoned."

"That's so," said the doctor; "the knife didn't go through the waistcoat; and yet—"

"And yet what?"

"There was something in the man's look—"

"I noticed it; a vindictive expression."

"That's it exactly. He seemed to want to get even with somebody."

"Very likely," said Breen; "but that doesn't disprove the suicide theory. People commit suicide for the purpose of getting even—with their wives, for instance, when there's trouble in the family."

"That may be so," said the doctor,

"and yet I can't agree with you in this case. I believe it was murder, and that the name on the stone—"

"Is the murderer's," interrupted Breen, with a grim smile. "Then what do you say to this?"

It was a black derby hat to which he called the doctor's attention. It had been found close by the spot where the man had lain upon the pavement of the alley.

Breen turned back the sweatband of the hat, and showed, upon the inside of it, a name written in pencil upon the smooth white surface of the band.

"Henry M. Whitney," the doctor read. "Well, I suppose that settles it."

"Let us see what he has in his pockets," said Breen.

"His clothes seem to be new," said Warner. "Here's the tailor's mark."

"That's a ready-made place," said Breen. "The hat was bought there, too."

A search of the clothing upon the body brought to light an old-fashioned gold watch, with a heavy chain, a pocket-book containing nearly a hundred dollars; two handkerchiefs without a name or initials upon them; and a few other articles.

There was no indication that anything had been taken from the body. There was no sign that a struggle had preceded the fatal stroke.

"It's suicide," said the doctor. "You're right about it. What shall you do with the body?"

"Take it home," replied Breen. "No. 906 Orchard street isn't more than three or four blocks away. Fix up a stretcher, Warner. You can get some men to help you carry the body. I'll go ahead and prepare the family for the sight of it."

As he spoke, three or four young men passed the front door of the store. Warner ran out and called to them. They readily consented to assist in bearing the body.

A rude stretcher was easily provided. The corpse was laid upon it and carried out into the alley. The druggist turned the key in the lock of the door, and then took his place with the bearers.

When they reached the house on Orchard street they found the roundsman on the steps.

"So far I've been unable to wake any-

body here," he said. "I've rung the bell and banged on the door."

Just as he uttered these words a light flashed up in the hall. The door was opened, and a woman appeared. She seemed to be a servant.

The first thing she saw was the uniformed officer, and such a sight at such an hour might have been expected to startle her. Just behind him, at the foot of the steps, was the grim figure upon the litter. It was covered with a cloth, but the outlines proclaimed the nature of the burden that had been brought to that door.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the woman screamed with terror. She was so frightened that she seemed to think of nothing but shutting out the spectacle from her gaze; and she slammed the door in the officer's face.

Her cry had alarmed the household. A voice was heard calling from above, and a light shone at a window. Then there was a sound of hurried questions in the hall; the door was thrown open, and the officer was confronted by a woman of a different type from the one he had first seen.

She was somewhat beyond middle age, but her face was still beautiful, though somewhat stern in its expression. Curling gray hair clustered over the forehead. A long, dark cloak, which covered the entire figure, brought out in strong contrast the pallor of the face, and the silvery gleam of the hair.

"Madam," said the roundsman, "are you Mrs. Henry M. Whitney?"

"I am," she replied.

"I hope you will summon up all your courage, Mrs. Whitney," he said. "I am the bearer of bad news, which I certainly did not intend to disclose to you in this abrupt and startling manner, but I have been a long time before your door——"

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Speak plainly; what is your news?"

"Your husband——"

"Well, what of him?"

"He is dead. His body is here."

At these startling words the woman staggered back into the hall, exclaiming:

"No, no, it isn't true!"

At the same instant the servant with wild and hysterical cries, flung her arms

around Mrs. Whitney's neck, and hid her face in that lady's bosom. Nearly thrown by this weight, and half choked by the clinging arms, Mrs. Whitney was unable to speak or to extricate herself.

While she was struggling to shake off the servant's grip, the body was borne into the hall and laid upon the floor.

The bearers and the two policemen stood with uncovered heads.

"Take it away!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitney. "What do you mean by bringing that corpse into this house?"

At that moment a man's voice was heard calling from the head of the stairs.

"Florence, what is all this?"

"Heaven knows," she replied. "They have brought a dead man into the house."

"A dead man!" cried the person at the head of the stairs, who was only half clothed. "Who is he?"

As he spoke he came down the stairs, two steps at a time.

"It is Mr. Whitney, I am sorry to say," said the roundsman.

"Whitney? What Whitney?"

"Why, Mr. Henry M. Whitney."

"I guess not," said the man in the night-dress. "I am Henry M. Whitney, and I am very much alive."

"This is very surprising," said Breen.

"Surprising!" cried Whitney. "It's a surprising outrage; and an evidence of stupidity that would be surprising in anybody but a policeman. What do you mean by bringing that corpse here?"

Breen kept as cool as could reasonably be expected, though he was thinking at a most exciting rate, and his thoughts were somewhat confusing.

"This man was found in York alley," he said. "There was a pencil in his hand, and he had just written your name and address upon a stone of the pavement."

It was Whitney's turn to be taken aback. After hearing the officer's astonishing statement he could hardly treat the case as a mere evidence of police stupidity.

"Perhaps I know the man," he stammered.

Warner, who was standing near the head of the corpse, drew back the cloth, revealing the face.

Whitney stared at it.

"No," he said, "I never saw this man before."

"Catch her!" cried Warner.

His words referred to Mrs. Whitney, who seemed to be fainting. Breen turned quickly, and caught the woman just as she was sinking to the floor.

She recovered almost instantly.

"How terrible!" she murmured, shuddering.

"Do you know him?" asked Breen.

"How should I know him?" she cried. "No; of course I don't know him. Why did you bring him here?"

"I have said that your husband's name was written upon a stone by this man," replied Breen. "Moreover, that name is also written inside this hat."

He held it before Mr. Whitney's eyes. When that gentleman glanced into the hat—which was held crown downward—he started violently.

Breen turned up the sweatband, revealing the name.

"This is indeed a surprising coincidence," said Whitney; "but of course it can be only a coincidence. My name is by no means out of the ordinary. I do not doubt that there are several Henry M. Whitneys in Brooklyn, and perhaps a dozen in New York."

Breen shook his head.

"Even if they were as common as you think," he said, "there is only one of them who lives at 906 Orchard street."

"Certainly; but what do you mean by that?"

"This man not only wrote your name on the stone, but also your address."

"Impossible!"

"But true," said Breen, quietly. "I saw it. Believing at that time, that it was a case of suicide, I naturally supposed that the name was that of the man himself."

"A queer thing for a suicide to do," said Whitney.

"Suicides are generally crazy," replied the officer, "and they may be expected to do queer things. However, as the name is not his, we must seek some explanation for his having written it. May I ask, Mr. Whitney, where you have been this evening?"

"I—I've been sick," stammered Whitney.

"Have you left the house?"

"Why, yes; that is, I——"

"What do these questions mean?" demanded Mrs. Whitney, suddenly. "Do you dare to intimate that my husband had anything to do with this man's death?"

"Madam," replied Breen, respectfully, but firmly, "please consider the facts. Am I not bound to ask all questions that can throw any light on this extraordinary affair?"

"Ask them at the proper time," she said. "You drag us from our beds in the middle of the night——"

"I am sorry to have done so," said Breen. "Mr. Whitney, I fear that you are taking cold. I would advise you to go to your room and dress."

"No, I'll see this thing through," cried Whitney.

He stepped to the hat-rack in the hall, and took down a long and heavy overcoat which he proceeded to put on. In taking the overcoat from its peg he dislodged a black derby hat which fell to the floor, and rolled toward Breen.

The roundsman picked up the hat and chanced to glance into it. He saw, with some surprise, that it bore the same stamp as that which had been found in York alley. The two hats were similar in every way; they were of the same size, and both were new.

But the one which had fallen from the hat-rack did not have the name Henry M. Whitney inside it, as Breen discovered very promptly.

The fact would have been significant to the feeblest mind. If two men have a violent encounter out of doors, two hats are likely to fall off. And if this encounter occurs in a dark place, and the two hats are almost exactly alike, there may be a mistake in picking one of them up.

Breen was interrupted in his consideration of this fruitful possibility by the voice of Dr. Leland, the druggist, night manager of Dr. Borden's store.

"It seems to me, sir," said Dr. Leland, addressing Whitney, "that I have seen you before."

"You have," was the reply, "and it's not extraordinary. I've lived here some-

thing more than ten years, and I've been in Dr. Borden's store more than once, though not often."

"Weren't you there this evening?"

Whitney changed color, but he replied calmly enough:

"Yes; I was there about half-past ten o'clock."

"I thought so," said the druggist. "I can forget faces easier than any other living man, but somehow I remembered yours."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Whitney.

The druggist was silent.

"Let me ask whether you went to the store or returned from it by way of York alley?" said Breen.

Whitney hesitated.

"I ought to say," continued Breen, "that you are not obliged to answer my questions, and that if you do, you may expect that anything you say will be used against you, if it is of a nature to permit such a use."

"Used against me!" exclaimed Whitney. "Do you mean that I am under arrest?"

"I'm afraid that it must come to that," said Breen, mildly.

"Outrage upon outrage!" cried Mrs. Whitney. "I protest against your conduct from beginning to end; and I warn you that the consequences will be serious."

"I'm sorry to have to do this," protested Breen, "but I hope you'll try to look at the case from my point of view. This man wrote your husband's name on that stone. Now, what could he have meant by that except a direct accusation?"

"Accusation of what?" thundered Whitney. "This is a suicide, evidently. If the man had been murdered in that alley, and yet had lived long enough to write my name, could he not have called for help and got it? Would he have lain there without uttering a cry unless he meant to die?"

"He may not have had the strength to cry out," Breen suggested.

"Let me look at the wound," said Whitney.

Stifling his evident repugnance, he

bent over the body, and pulled down the cloth.

"Suicide, certainly," he exclaimed. "This man opened his vest, as every man who stabs himself always does if he is dressed at the time. But how could a murderer have done it?"

It struck Breen that Whitney seized upon that point with suspicious ease and rapidity. True, the officer had seen it himself at once, but he was an uncommonly shrewd man—in his own opinion—and an experienced one, certainly.

"Admitting the force of all you say," said he, "I'm afraid I must persist in placing you under arrest."

"But there's no evidence against me!"

"There's the name in the hat."

Whitney turned toward his wife. She responded to his glance with a groan.

"I don't see what the name in the hat can prove," said Whitney, weakly.

"I'll tell you frankly what it proves to my mind," replied Breen. "It proves that the hat is yours, and that you brought home the wrong one this evening when you came here from York alley."

Whitney raised his arm as if to strike the officer. His face was aflame, and for a moment he looked dangerous.

Then he controlled himself, and said:

"I will go with you because I can't help it, but I am entirely innocent. Give me time to dress. Oh, you can come up stairs with me, if you want to, though I'm not going to run away. Keep up your courage, Florence," he added, addressing his wife, who was weeping bitterly. "This will all be over soon."

As Breen ascended the stairs behind the couple he addressed Warner over his shoulder, directing him to remove the body to an undertaker's room on Sherman street.

A few minutes later, when the roundsman returned with his prisoner to the lower hall, the body had disappeared.

In the newspapers next morning most confused and inaccurate versions of the affair appeared. The paper that contained the longest story had scarcely a single statement in accordance with fact. It announced that the murdered man was Henry M. Whitney, and that a "mysterious unknown" had been arrested."

Mr. Whitney, according to this veracious chronicle, had been stabbed while going home, but had reached his house alive. There he had died without revealing the name of his assassin. The police had arrested a suspicious character, found loitering in York alley. The body of the victim had been taken to Graham's undertaking rooms, on Sherman street.

It will be seen that the disposition of the body was the only matter in which this newspaper story corresponded with the facts, as known to the police.

The circumstances of the case interested Harrison Keith sufficiently to cause him to look into it personally, though he did not at first announce to the authorities his intention of doing so. His knowledge of the affair was derived from a police report sent to him from Brooklyn headquarters, in accordance with the usual custom of sending to him a statement of any extraordinary case that came to the attention of the police.

He reached Brooklyn about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and went at once to the undertaker's room. There he found Roundsman Breen, who had been detailed to this case by the superintendent.

Breen's abilities had often been exemplified in the ordinary course of his duties, and the eyes of his superiors were on him. He had an idea that this latest mystery would lead to his transference to the detective staff, if his shrewdness did not fail him at the critical moment.

He was acquainted with Harrison Keith's appearance, and he recognized the detective at once, as Keith had not considered it necessary to adopt any disguise.

"I am not here officially," said the detective. "You needn't be afraid of my interfering with you, Breen. On the contrary, I shall be glad to help you if there is anything I can do."

"Well, as you're so kind, Mr. Keith," said Breen, "there's just one point that I'd like to talk with you about. It's a queer thing, and I don't yet see any way to explain it.

"Here are some letters and papers that I got in Henry M. Whitney's office, in New York. The contents of them have

nothing to do with this case, but I'd like you to run your eye over them."

They were manuscript letters and memoranda of the least possible importance.

"I suppose you got these as samples of penmanship," said the detective.

"You've guessed it," said Breen. "Now take a look at this."

He led Keith to a corner of the room where there was a sort of shelf, on which lay a package in brown paper. Breen opened the package, and displayed the stone that he and Warner had taken from the pavement of York alley on the previous evening. It bore the name and address, as already described, and the writing was marvelously regular and clear, considering the circumstances under which it had been written, and the supposed condition of the writer.

Keith viewed this "exhibit" in the case with great interest.

"This is indeed a strange coincidence."

"It's more than a coincidence," said Breen. "The two hands are identical. Possibly there was some attempt to disguise the writing on the stone, but Henry M. Whitney wrote it."

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Keith, examining the two specimens of writing very carefully.

"I'm convinced on that point," said Breen, "but I'm totally at a loss to understand it. What possible motive could Whitney have had for doing such a thing as that? Is the man crazy?"

"Does he show any signs of it?" asked Keith.

"I am bound to say that I haven't noticed any. He has summoned counsel—Lawyer John M. Roche, an old friend of his—and it's evident that he is going to make a fight to secure his immediate release.

"The only peculiar thing that he has done was to give it out that he doesn't want to see anybody. Already, when I left headquarters, quite a number of people had called to see him. He is a well-known man, and seems to be very well liked. But he denied himself to all of them, and of course the people at headquarters wouldn't let anybody in under those circumstances.

"Now, after this writing, a peculia

thing about it strack me at once. At the start we took it to be the work of a dying man, but——"

"It was too regular," said Keith, smiling; 'too good a hand. Dying men are not very particular about their penmanship, as a rule."

"Exactly," said Breen. "And when that idea took hold of me, which it did late last night, I got the strange notion that Whitney himself might have done it. So the first thing this morning I got these specimens of his writing."

"What has been done about the identification of the body?" asked Keith.

"Nothing so far," responded Breen. "Of course there are a lot of men out on it, but no reports have come in, so far as I know."

As these words were spoken, the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of an old man dressed like a farmer, yet by no means poorly. His face indicated intelligence and cultivation, but he had something of that peculiar hesitating manner which marks the rustic on one of his rare visits to the city.

"What do you want?" asked Undertaker Graham, stepping up to the visitor, who was walking toward the place where the body lay.

"Why, as I was going by," said the old countryman, timidly, "I thought I'd step in and look at the body."

"What for?" asked Graham. "Do you think you'll recognize it?"

"Recognize it! Well, I should say so. Why, I'm the poor fellow's uncle."

"Whose uncle?" demanded the undertaker.

"Why, Henry Whitney's uncle, of course."

"Henry Whitney isn't dead," said Graham.

"Not dead?" echoed the old man, as with trembling hands he drew a copy of a newspaper out of his pocket. "Why, this paper says that he was murdered last night, and that his body was brought here."

"The newspaper was in error," said Keith, stepping forward. "It was at first thought that the body was Mr. Whitney's, but he is alive and well."

"Thank Heaven," said the old man, fervently; and then rising in indignation,

he continued: "Newspapers ought to be punished for printing such lies. Why, gentlemen, you can't imagine what I've suffered coming over here. I've thought over and over again of what his wife must feel, and what I should do to comfort her. And to think it was all what you might call a hoax, and Henry wasn't dead after all. But who is this poor fellow?"

"We do not know," said Keith, leading the old man to the rude coffin in which the body lay.

At the first glance at the face, Mr. Whitney started violently.

"Well, I don't so much blame them, after all," he said. "He certainly looks a mortal sight like Henry."

This statement was a great surprise to Roundsman Breen, who had seen Henry M. Whitney on the previous evening, and had not remarked any resemblance between him and the dead man, except such as might be expected to exist between two persons of the same race—the strongly marked American type.

"Yes, he is very much like Henry," continued the stranger, "but older."

"Do you know Henry M. Whitney intimately?" asked Breen.

"Why, if you come to that, I ain't seen him in ten years," replied the stranger. "But when he was a boy, and even after he grew up, I used to see him every day. Yes, I was very fond of Henry, and of Horace, too."

"Who was Horace?" asked Keith.

"Elder brother of Henry. He's been dead a dozen years or more. He was a wild boy, and ran away from home. That was in '77 or '78, if I remember right."

"Horace ran away?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he was rather the black sheep of the family. But Henry was steady enough—as steady as most boys. That's why he got his father's money, when brother John died. Brother John was a rich man, and his money has been well taken care of by Henry."

"And you say it's ten years since you've seen Henry?"

"Yes, all of that. I ain't seen him since he moved to Brooklyn."

"Weren't you on good terms?"

"Certainly, the best of terms. But I'm

getting to be an old man, and don't come to the city often. Still, I visited at their house once or twice, but Henry happened to be away. Then Florence and the children have been out to see me once in a while in the summer time. Oh, we've always been friendly."

There was a moment of silence, during which Keith, who was observing the old man closely, saw him give a sudden start as the bright eyes behind the steel-bowed glasses rested upon some objects on a table near by. Among them was the old-fashioned gold watch that had been found in the dead man's pocket.

"It appears to me that I've seen that watch before," said Mr. Whitney.

He stepped forward and took up the watch.

"It can't be possible, and yet it is, it must be," he murmured. "Gentlemen, this is the body of Horace Whitney. I've been trying to fight against that conclusion ever since I first saw it, but now I'm convinced."

"I thought you said Horace died long ago," said Keith.

"We thought he had been lost at sea," replied the old man. "Yet drowned people come back in fact as well as in the story books. This must be Horace, for here's the watch that I gave him when he was a boy."

"How do you know it?" asked Keith.

"There must be a good many watches like it in the world."

"Very likely so," responded Whitney, "but I'm sure of this one. Let me show you what an old man's memory can do. It was twenty odd years ago that I gave the boy that watch—and another to Henry at the same time—yet I'll tell you the number."

Breen grabbed the watch and opened it in a twinkling. As his eyes fell on the number he started slightly. Then, turning to Mr. Whitney, he said, questioningly:

"Well?"

"Shall I give it to you forward or backward?" asked the old man, with a smile.

"I guess that settles it," said Breen, and he handed the watch to Keith, who saw at a glance what Whitney and the officer meant.

The number was 2332. Whitney gave it just as Keith looked up.

"This is a strong point in the identification," said the detective, "yet it does not go far toward solving the real puzzle. How do you account for the name on the stone?"

"Horace, after he was stabbed, wrote his brother's name and address," said Whitney. "That's natural enough. He wanted his body taken there."

"That might do but for one curious fact," said Keith. "The writing is not Horace's, but Henry's, and it was done before the stabbing, not after."

"If what you say is true," said the old man, slowly, "I'm clean beat. I don't understand this at all."

"Had the brothers ever quarreled?" asked Keith.

"Only about Florence," was the reply.

"They both wanted to marry her, and we thought she'd take Horace, though he was so wild. But she took Henry, and there it ended."

"Without hard feeling?"

"Without an open quarrel!" said the old man, impressively. "Heaven only knows what a man may feel when the woman he loves is married, and he is not the bridegroom. Yet that was years ago, and it certainly cannot account for the murder of the disappointed man by the successful one."

"I guess you're right there," said Breen. "The case looks as hopeless as ever. There's the matter of the hat, you know. We've been to the store, and all they remember is that a man answering the description of this poor fellow bought a hat there. So did Henry M. Whitney, and the two hats are just alike, except for the name in one of them. Taking it all together, I stick to my first theory, with the additional fact furnished by this identification."

"I believe that Horace Whitney—probably just returned after many years' absence—met his brother and they quarreled. Henry struck him down. Both men's hats fell to the ground, and Henry got the wrong one."

"Then again," said Keith, "we fail to account for the name on the stone."

"It just occurs to me," said the old man, reflectively, "that there was a

mark on Horace's body by which he might be identified. Mind you, I'm in no doubt; but the mark might satisfy you."

"No marks were found on the body," said Breen.

"Well, this one would be very faint and might not be noticed," rejoined Whitney. "It was the scar of a wound made more than fifteen years ago. Horace fell down with a grass-knife in his hand, and it cut him pretty badly on the right breast. He had to have several stitches taken in the wound, yet as I remember it didn't make much of a scar."

"I think it ought to be visible," said Keith. "Let us look for it."

They bared the dead man's breast, and the detective scanned it narrowly, but the scar was not visible.

Some hours after the scene in the undertaker's rooms, Harrison Keith called upon Mrs. Henry M. Whitney.

"I am engaged in the investigation of the death of the man whose body was found in York alley last night," said Keith, "and I thought that you would be anxious to know what progress has been made."

"Indeed I am," replied the lady. "My husband's uncle has told me of the identification. I cannot credit it; and even if it is correct, not one-hundredth part of the mystery is explained."

"It seemed so to me at first," said the detective, "but on further consideration I decided that the identification carried with it almost the full story of the affair."

"You do not suspect my husband," she said, anxiously, but in so firm a voice that Keith dared to reply with the truth.

"I am sorry to be obliged to tell you," he said, "that I believe your husband struck the fatal blow."

The lady grew paler, if such a thing was possible, but she did not falter.

"You are mad to think so," she exclaimed.

"Let us consider the evidence," Keith rejoined. "I am glad to find you so calm. Your courage assists me greatly in the task that I have to perform."

"The evidence in the case," he continued, "takes us back fifteen years. At that time you were loved by two brothers. One of them was a wild and reckless

fellow, the other prudent and thrifty. You made the choice that wisdom dictated; that is, if love could go where worldly judgment pointed the way.

"You were married, and for five years you lived in New York. Then you moved to Brooklyn. You have dwelt in this house ever since."

"I learn from the man—now very old—of whom you at first rented and later bought this house, that all the negotiations were conducted by you."

Mrs. Whitney started to her feet.

"What do you mean by this?" she exclaimed.

"I see that I may omit a large part of the history," said the detective, calmly. "You already see its bearing. Let us come at once to the evidence of your husband's uncle. He tells me that though he has been here often, he has never met your husband in this house."

"Well, what of that? It so happened."

"I cannot find that any one who knew Henry Whitney in New York ever saw him here. When you moved to Brooklyn, you severed all the old relations. Your husband was not then in business. There were no commercial acquaintances who must be faced."

"You made new friends here. You led a new life. With whom?"

The woman covered her face with her hands.

"Mrs. Whitney," Keith continued, "when I learned that the only relative of your husband in this part of the country had not seen him in ten years; when I discovered that, ten years ago, he apparently began a new business career; when, finally, I looked for that old scar on the breast of the dead man, and did not find it; then I concluded that here was a strange love story to unravel."

"Speak out!" she cried.

"I decided to look for that scar on the breast of a living man," said Keith. "That the two men who figured in this case were Henry and Horace Whitney, I could not doubt. But I decided that Henry lay dead in his coffin, and that Horace was alive and in prison."

"I therefore sought the prisoner. I asked him, in the interests of justice, to permit me to see his breast. He refused, of course, but it was useless. You should

have seen how his hand clutched his coat, above that scar."

"Stop!" cried the woman. "You have said that my husband's hand struck the blow which killed that unhappy man. When you said that, whom did you mean?"

"I meant your lawful husband," said Keith. "This was no murder. The condition of the clothing—observed both by the police officer and by Horace Whitney—is strong evidence; but stronger than that, in fact conclusive, is the surgical study of the wound. The man could have sought help; he could have made an outcry. Had murder been done by means of such a wound alone, the whole neighborhood would have been alarmed."

"No; Henry Whitney's own hand inflicted the wound upon his breast. I can guess the cause. I have learned that he arrived in this city yesterday, in a sailing vessel from Calcutta. Doubtless he has been absent ten years."

"Something parted you. He strayed a long time, and then came back to renew the old life. He learned your secret, and then he struck that blow."

"But first he wrote those words upon the stone. But for them, he might have been buried in an unmarked grave, and your sin might not have been punished in this world. Perhaps that thought came to him at the very last. At any rate his purpose is accomplished."

"This, I am sure, is an accurate outline of the story, sufficient, perhaps, for my purpose. But there are details which you can supply, and I need not tell you that further concealment is useless."

Mrs. Whitney crossed the room and leaned against the window, pressing her forehead to the cool glass. When she turned, her face showed Keith what he wished to see; that the struggle was over.

She sat down, and motioned the detective to a seat before her. Then she told her story.

"I have always loved Horace Whitney," she said. "I married his brother because he was to be his father's heir."

"Naturally we did not live happily. It was my fault. My husband grew morose. He gave up his business; he shunned all his friends until they almost forgot him."

"Our unhappiness was known in a gen-

eral way to our neighbors in New York. I was anxious to get away. I persuaded my husband to let me lease this house. He consented, but took no interest in what was to be—as I thought—his new home. In fact, he never came to see it."

"Just before we were ready to come here, we had a quarrel, more violent than any that had preceded. He left me, declaring that he would end a life which I had made unbearable."

"Days passed, and he did not return. I kept my own counsel. My neighbors knew nothing of what had occurred."

"One day I read in a newspaper that a drowned body had been found in the Hudson, and had been taken to the city's morgue. I went there, for a picture in the paper resembled Henry."

"The face of the dead man was greatly distorted, but I thought it was my husband's. The resemblance was certainly remarkable. The clothes were not his. They were rougher than any I had ever seen him wear. I fancied them a disguise."

"I remember standing beside the body, looking down at the face. I was striving to control myself so that I might tell a lie to the keeper of the morgue, saying that I did not know the dead; for I had made up my mind to let the body have a stranger's burial."

"When I raised my eyes, a man was approaching the slab. It was Horace Whitney. I had thought him dead, but he had been in hiding in the city, and had read the account of the finding of the body, and had seen the newspaper picture which had been so like my husband."

"I made a secret sign to him to be silent. He, too, believed the body to be Henry's, but he held his peace at my command."

"We left the morgue separately, but met not far away. There I unfolded to him the plan which had leaped into my mind the instant that I saw his face."

"It involved both love and money. If Henry's death became known, I should have only the widow's portion in his estate. If Horace personated Henry, we could keep all."

"It was easily done. We came to this new house, and all went well. The body that had been found in the river was buried at the city's charge."

"I had no suspicion that my husband was alive, until he appeared at this house yesterday. You can imagine how dreadful was our meeting. Yet he was generous. He said that he would go away and never trouble me. But his resolution failed, and a desire both to end his wretched life and to be revenged, conquered him.

"Fancy what I suffered last night when his body was brought here! Surely he worked with fate's assistance to mete out full punishment to me."

Keith was doubtful for a moment as to what course he should pursue. The woman's agony moved his pity.

Yet there was no real choice. The story must be told, for there was a fortune to be distributed aright, to say nothing of the moral aspects of the case.

The detective secured the release of Horace Whitney, and obtained from him sufficient assurance of a full accounting of the property.

The guilty couple had been secretly married years before, but a new ceremony was performed.

They vanished from these parts, and their remarkable story faded from men's memory.

It did, indeed, involve some strange coincidences. The similarity of penmanship discovered by Breen was, however, not to be included among the doings of chance, for naturally it had been Horace's first task to acquire his brother's style of penmanship.

The matter of the two hats was more in the line of chance. Yet the firms of clothiers and hatters were among the best known in the city; their advertisements were in every paper; and it was not wonderful that a man just home from a far country should buy new attire. He must have written his name in the hat as the result of an old habit. It will be remembered that at that time he had no premonition of the fate that awaited him.

LOVE'S FIRST TOUCH.



IN the dread moments when the rebellious soul
Masters its sentinels, throws wide the door,
Lets in the light upon the faded images
Within the secret depths of memory,
And contemplates the wreck of promises,
The blasted hopes, the unfulfilled desires
That mark the pathway of the wasted years,
Recalling one by one the days that were,
Their dreams, ambitions, faiths and fallacies,
There is one scene that dominates the whole:
A masterpiece, immortal as the soul,
Howe'er the will may seek to blot it out;
One face, whose ideal lineaments engraved
By one great master-touch upon the walls,
Stands forth in vivid colors that defy
The hand of time to mar or mellow them.

Ralph Graham Taber.

THE HAT FLIRTATION.

Lifting it gently—Oh, I see you.
Cocking it rakishly on one side—I have
fifteen dollars in my inside pocket.

Pulled down tight over the eyes—Be-
ware, I am watched by my creditors.

Dropping hat carelessly to the ground
—Kiss me again, I like it.

Sitting down on hat in the street—I
won't go home till morning.

The same in a parlor—Is your father in
the adjoining room?

Bowing hat in hand very low—I love
you, but don't let anybody know it.

Throwing hat high in air—I am ob-
served.

Waving hat in air on
the end of the cane—I
am raising Cain.

Passing the hat—I am
broke.

Crushing hat into a
shapeless mass—You
prefer another.

Talking through hat
—I am not a farmer.

Wearing hayseed in
hat—I am a farmer.

Buying a hat—I have
a new girl.

Betting a hat—I will
forget to pay if I lose.

Keeping hat on head
—I do not know you.

Hanging hat on hat
tree—I have been here
before and am not afraid.

Putting hat on floor
within easy reach of
chair—I may be treading
on dangerous ground.

On the Klondike.

Stranger—Who is that
dejected looking man com-
ing up the trail?

Gold Miner—That's the
feller that has jist struck
the richest mine in the
diggin's.

Stranger—Who is that
cheerful looking man with
him?

Gold Miner—He's the
chap that's got er half
ton uv hoss meat stored
in his cabin.

MY ALTERNATIVE.

I shall not see my love again
For forty days or more;
I may not kiss her, as I'd fain,
Behind the parlor door.

I may not take her to the play,
Nor even to the park;
Ah, me! Much longer is each day,
Each night more deeply dark.

She says she is a penitent,
She's left me in the lurch,
And I to see her during Lent
Will have to go to church.

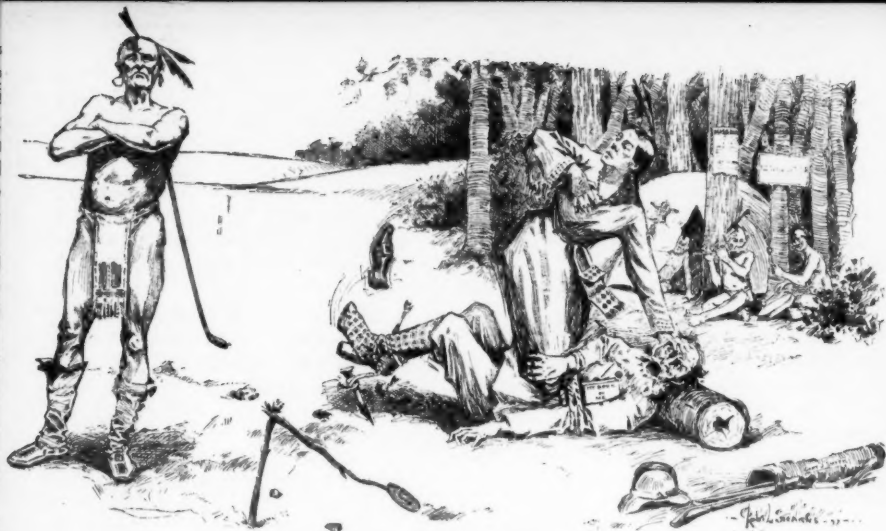


TO BE EXPLAINED.

Jack Dashing—Strange, isn't it?

Penelope—What?

Jack Dashing—That the slower a girl is the more she fasts during Lent.



HOW IT HAPPENED.

Pocahontas—Spare him, Sire, I implore thee.

Powhatan—Pocahontas, my beauteous one, I feel I am doing wrong, yet I cannot resist thy plea. John Smith, thou art free!

(Thus did the Tribe of Smith secure its foothold in the Colonies, and this, like the eating of the apple, is laid to the blame of woman.)

A PRECIOUS PROGRESSION.

At last the girls have banded together for their common good. The advice comes from the most trustworthy source imaginable, i. e., the lips of a fair young girl. Any one who can imagine a better source is sadly lacking in experience.

According to the girls, courtship and love have been made too cheap. All this is to be changed. Courtships are to be progressive in the future, each grade in the progression to be marked with a precious stone. These stones are to convey meanings. They are to be presented to the girls by the young men who court them. It is a great scheme.

When a young man feels somewhat taken with a girl he is to present her with a turquoise. The turquoise means "I admire you." The following is the sequence according to the regulations adopted:

The bloodstone—I have looked you up in Burke and find that your family is O. K.

The moonstone—I love you, madly, passionately, fondly.

The opal—I fear a rival.

The topaz—I am satisfied that you are faithful.

The amethyst—I love you more and more.

The garnet—Still more do I love you. You are my ducky darling.

The ruby—Oh-h-h-h-h! You are my precious tootsey wootsey.

The sapphire—You are also my lovey-dovey.

The diamond—Will you be mine?

That is all. After this it is the girl's turn. According to the present arrangement she is to give the youth a kiss if she accepts, or a single pebble if she rejects. The pebble of course is to intimate as gently as possible that the youth is not "the only pebble," etc. In any case the girl is to keep the jewels.

A great many of our enterprising summer maidens who go down to the sea in gorgeous costumes when the summer comes again expect to be able to start in the wholesale jewelry trade next fall.



ROAD LEADING TO SLEEPY HOLLOW.

"Historic Tarrytown."

HISTORIC TARRYTOWN.

BY
THEODORE DREISER.

IN THE bosom," writes Washington Irving, "of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators as the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small town or rural port, which by some is

called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town." And thus was Tarrytown introduced to a whole world of lovers of the beautiful, and given over to perennial fame, and it would be presumption both vain and ridiculous to revive an impression of it, in any other words.

What the idyllic-minded Irving chronicled of it might for all time be offered as

sufficient, and scribblers might well hesitate before speaking further, were it not that the beloved chronicler himself has been gathered to his fathers, and what was commonplace to him, as his own, has become lovely and reverential shrines to those with whom his memory is dear. I question whether in all America there is one other name which so instantly and vividly calls up all that is satisfying and delightful in green woods that drowse in the heat of a summer noon, in silvery, rippling streams that glint and gurgle between modest banks festooned with greenery, which sun and blue sky make beautiful, or in hollows, where, though all outside be parched and listless, it is sweet and cool, as this self-same Tarrytown, with its world-renowned Sleepy Hollow.

Whatever were its characteristics before the denizen of Sunnyside took pen in hand, certainly "a drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land" now, and although he quoted the beliefs that it had been "bewitched by a high German

doctor, during the early days of the settlement," and "that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there, before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson," I make no apology in confessing to this belief that the true magician who has so infused this village with charm and witchery is none other than one Master Washington Irving—God rest his soul.

One might well complain these days when increase of population and wealth has brought a thriving brood of bankers and brokers into this lovely village. Their desire to be comfortable within these sacred precincts, and to acquire, as it were, some additional shade of dignity by rubbing up against things consecrated both by time and genius, has led to changes innumerable. That famous Sleepy Hollow, where as a stripling, Irving had his "first exploit in squirrel shooting," and where owing to the peculiar noon-time quiet, he was startled by



BRIDGE OVER POCANTICO RIVER, SLEEPY HOLLOW.

"Historic Tarrytown"

the roar of his own gun, is now a home-infested valley, not as it was then, two miles from the village, but safely within

the much extended limits. The old road, too, which wound through it and over that "small brook which glides through



"Historic Tarrytown."

MONUMENT TO THE CAPTORS OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

it, with just enough murmur to lull one to repose," has been duly modernized with macadamized, and is much traveled with

an unholy brood of bicyclers, "scorchers," and what not, who come from all parts to see. Even the old wooden bridge which

stood until a few years ago, has given place to a solid stone arch of modern design—an innovation wholly reprehensible as you may well know, and due entirely to the shameless desire of some multi-millionaire residents, who not content with a plentitude of this world's expensive goods, must needs make place here to drive fast horses. Worse, and more of it, gas lamps light the Hollow road where the renowned Ichabod once galloped furiously for his life with no other light than that which shone from the gleaming eyes of the dis severed head, carried in the hands of the pursuing Hessian trooper. Now, by my faith, even arc lights with their unseemly glare are talked of, and goodness knows what other incongruous trick has yet to come. Suffice it to say the Headless Horseman, returning, would certainly not recognize his quondam haunts, and you may be sure he would never care to visit a night infested by such unfeeling mortals as now abide in this realm of story.

A little way along this historic road, quite in the city of Tarrytown, and fully a mile before one comes to the little Sleepy Hollow brook, stands a monument to the countrymen who captured the unfortunate André, and discovered the treasonable papers in his boot. This monument marks the exact spot of the capture, and hard by in the early days "stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark." Needless to say that it is no longer there, and in its stead is the even road, and about are the pleasant homes of many who should bless themselves morning, noon and night for being privileged to dwell on such lovely ground. In the time of which Irving writes it was a tragical spot in the outskirts of the village, awesome at dusk, and "by the common people regarded with a mixture of respect and superstition."

Farther along this now fashionable roadway, and before reaching the brook,



LANDRINE HOUSE.

"Historic Tarrytown." (The last house at which Major Andre stopped previous to his capture at Tarrytown.)



THE OLD MILL, SLEEPY HOLLOW.

"Historic Tarrytown."

one comes to an old dilapidated mill, a relic of Revolutionary days. It stands within half a mile of the stone bridge over the brook, and in the days when Ichabod Crane was belaboring his little school of hardy Dutch urchins along the "flowery path of knowledge," "the low murmur of his pupils' voices, coming over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive." The schoolhouse, which is described as "a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs," is now no more. It stood at the foot of the woody hill, just beyond the little brook, and between the old mill and the old Dutch church, which are somewhat more than a half-mile apart.

At one time this mill was an exceedingly industrious institution, grinding corn, as it did for all the Dutch burghers within a radius of twenty miles. Its big wheel, now silent and moss-grown, was turned by the water of the brook, which was held back by a dam, and conducted through a formidable sluice, to serve the

cause of the original owner. The water which this dam held back formed a very considerable mill pond, of which the traces yet remain in a broad, reed-grown, watery plot, of which the brook is but an inconsiderable portion, and now half-hidden by the grass. "It was here," to quote Irving, "that the worthy Ichabod could be found of a Sunday morning, sauntering with a whole bevy of country damsels along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address." Alas! mill and pond and school are now no more, or nearly so, for though the first remains, it is but illy cared for. Its shingles are green with lichens, and its sides black with rain. Great willows half hide it from the eye, its wheel is rotted, and even the stone dam is broken, the fragments forming stepping stones across the brook.

Leaving it one crosses the bridge, the heart of Sleepy Hollow, and then it is but a few hundred feet up the winding,



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.

ic Tarrytown."

aded road to the old Dutch church. There are few more ancient edifices in the country, and scarcely anywhere is there a more interesting relic. This old and venerable structure was built two hundred years ago by one Jacob Phillp, then Lord of the Manor, whose monogram is still on the wall at the eastern end of the building, where those remains are buried beneath the floor. I have read long articles about the church alone, and most interesting they were, but, bless us, if we recount that it was built in 1683, and that in 1783 the Rev. Guiliam Barthalf, minister of God's word at Hackensack, was invited to preach there, for four times a year, we have said our deal. As for the sturdy descendants of sturdy Dutch forefathers, who built the town, who called the valley in which it lies "Sleepy Hollow," in recognition of the somnolent charm which has clung about the locality since Wolfert van Wolfert built Wolfert's Roost, was the first. Then all the tribes of Van

Weerts, Covenhovens, Van Texels, Sies, and the rest, trooped down to the Pocantico on Sunday morning, where the lusty lads and unabashed maidens washed their feet before entering the church.

Time has not worked so greedily here. True, the road outside is modern, the school is gone, the gates to country residences of modern money-lords peep through the trees, and trespass-warnings are numerous, but the little church and graveyard are much as before. To the musical chime of the little bell still there, a multitude of notable men and women have crowded through the narrow doorway. They have sat in patience upon its hard and backless benches, listening to interminable sermons droned from the bell-flower pulpit, while swallows and pheebe birds twittered cheerfully in the rafters overhead. There were legislators and chief justices, dignified possessors of fine old American names—Beekmans, Van Courtlandts, Schuylers, Clintons, and a host of others, high in the councils of the state and country.

Washington's diary tells how, in the

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troubled days of the War for Independence, he rested in the grateful shadow of the church; Commodore Perry, when a resident of Tarrytown, was a frequent attendant at the simple services held there, and Washington Irving, whose remains lie almost within touch of its time-scoring foundations, loved the old church as the very embodiment of local tradition. Did he not affirm that the voice of the unfortunate Ichabod still leads a ghostly choir on moonlit summer nights, and the old lords of the manor listen silently from their snug crypt under the floor?

And there is the graveyard. Take off thy shoes, reader, for now certainly we are on sacred ground. Surely of all places, this ancient churchyard invites to reverie and sentiment. Its brown and leaning headstones are quaintly carved and inscribed as often in Dutch as in English. Both the bones of the Revolutionary patriots and of British soldiers rest there. Even the good Irving's grave

is farther up the green hillside, looking down where his created Ichabod, or a Sunday morning was so much in evidence. "How he would figure among them in the churchyard," said the author, "between services on Sundays! Gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones."

The grave of the author is marked by a simple white slab, where many another unknown nearby has a veritable pyramid of costly stone. If he sat up in his grave he could see the sweet little church tucked away in the trees, and surrounded by its array of faithful stone guardsmen. Far off rise the green top of the Katskills, which he loved, and high in the blue heavens sails here and there a wide-winged buzzard, idly circling the summer sky. At evening the bark of a dog comes from afar, and the low of cattle, and all is peaceful.



THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Historic Tarrytown."



"It was Gretel herself, leaning out of a small window."—THE KEG AND VAT.

AT THE KEG AND VAT.*

BY

TOM HALL.

Being an adventure of Captain Harry Tibbo of His Majesty's Foot Guards, as related by him in a letter to his father, Sir George Tibbo, Bart. of Alnwick, Northumberland; which letter hath been modernized, modified and arranged by a descendant of the said Captain.

IN THE Town of New York, the Month of December and the Year of Our Lord 1672.

Respected Sir: I greet you with filial reverence and beg you to convey to my dear mother a respectful salute, and the news that I arrived at this far port in safety, after a most pleasant but uneventful voyage. I beg you also to communicate to His Most Gracious Majesty (in secret and in person as per arrangement) that I have transacted his business with the Governor; and this, I am proud to say so quietly and expeditiously that I doubt even that the Governor's secretary hath any suspicion that I am other than a King's officer of foot traveling to restore a constitution broken down in the French wars. I shall repair to the Town of Boston on the same affairs at the first opportune moment, and if my proverbial good fortune does not desert me shall see you again in dear England within a twelve-month.

And now, my dear father, to my confessions, for I know you are too well aware of the character of your scapegrace but loving son to doubt for a moment that he hath had enlivening adventures in these strange lands. Nay, I am persuaded that this part of my letter will be of the greater interest to you, for however much you frown, when I am in your presence, at the sad plights I am always tumbling into, I know in your secret heart that you rejoice in that part of my character which reminds you of the spirit of your own youth. When I say this, however, I am extremely happy that there are some thousands of miles of salt water between us; and that I know you will forgive me this piece of impertinence by the time we have embraced each other again.

To commence, according to my instructions, I sought an inn that seemed more or less obscure. I found what seemed to be such in *The Keg and Vat*, a queer-looking establishment that would remind you of a tavern in Holland, consisting as it does of a rambling series of brick and wooden buildings with gable roofs, and with an appearance of cleanliness that seems to indicate that it is scrubbed inside and out three times a day. It is kept by a decrepit old Dutchwoman, the relic of an old fellow who was pinked into another world by an English sword soon after the English occupation some ten years ago. She is assisted by her granddaughter, one Gretel Kronghuysen, and a poor Dutch dominie who, to eke out a living (for they pay school teachers in these parts most scantily) acts as choreman, hostler and Heaven knows what else to *The Keg and Vat*.

Though the inn seemed, at first sight, preposterously large, the company was as unusually small. Besides myself there were but two guests. One was a gruff and boorish seafaring man with whom I hardly exchanged a word during his entire stay, he having departed night before last. The other was a young Spanish gallant, Don Marco of some score or more of places. It was with the latter, as you will immediately guess, that I made my adventure; so I will describe him rather more minutely. He was, perhaps, some thirty years of age, slender and graceful as a cat, and as handsome as a woman. His manners were exquisite, but of his mind I know little or nothing, as he proved to be averse to conversation. Indeed he was not only taciturn but morose and melancholy, as one who hath been seriously hurt in an affair of

love and hath not the natural gayety of heart to forget the wound. Money he had in abundance, but friends and affairs apparently none.

With two such companions, and with the necessity ever present in my mind of being most circumspect in my conduct, you may readily imagine I was put to some straits for decent amusement. You will divine at one, being guided by logic and a full knowledge of the blood that runs in my veins, that I turned in this predicament to the only possibility left. It was, of course, granddaughter Gretel. And I will say that for beauty of face and grace of form it hath seldom been my good fortune to view so fair a creature. It will be unnecessary to prompt you that in case any word of this adventure should come to the ears of my fair cousin, Lady Alice, you will remember that I assured you that the minx was but an ugly little Dutch girl upon whom I never looked except with aversion. And between ourselves as men I pledge you my word that the affair never got, on my part, beyond a pleasant flirtation, indulged in merely to pass away the time in a land of savages. 'Tis true I have been most polite in my "good mornings" and most adoring in my "good nights," and have drank enough schnapps served by a slender white hand to make a Dutchman of me in spite of my blue Tibbo blood—but hand on heart that is all.

"Then where is the adventure?" you will ask disappointedly.

Well, the adventure came in spite of my circumspection. I had played the mock gallant to perfection for full three days, and was becoming quite conceited with my success, before I noticed that my friend the silent Don was not taking the matter in good part, as should become one who doth not in a particular case himself play the gallant.

"O ho!" quoth I to myself. "Is our friend of the sad countenance the victim of a mad jealousy? I must endeavor to find out."

Whereat I trebled my attentions to the pink-cheeked Gretel and was delighted to find that I was rendering the Don more and more furious.

"Here comes the drawing of swords!"

you will exclaim. And I can see you now, stamping up and down your study in a fine rage, declaring that I am a careless lover, an ungrateful son and a recreant servant of my King. Considering me in serious trouble, you will forget for a moment that the sword at my side (the only companion I desired upon my journey) had been proved by a score of years of service in your own loyal hands—and remembering later, you will forgive me all and be secretly proud. So I will proceed with confidence.

As the Don grew more angry, I of course became more devoted to fair Gretel and more insolent in my actions toward him. To my every advance the fair one responded with more ardor. In a day or two the Don and the sailor were almost unnoticed by the young maid, while my every wish was guessed and satisfied before I could utter it. The Don grew pale and was consumed apparently with an inward fire. The seafaring man swore great oaths in a methodical way, that was most amusing, and of such length that some of them were an hour in the delivering. In the meantime I laughed and grew fat.

"Not a good training," you will say, cautioningly, "for sword play."

But at that time I was serenely unconscious that it would become a matter of swords, and life or death. So we went on from day to day, the affair developing in a manner most satisfactory to me. And the climax was reached but yesternight. If you will inspect the writing of this with care you will observe that, in spite of my good English heart, my hand still trembles slightly. And you will need no further assurance that the climax is worth relating.

Yestere'en fell still, moonlit and beautiful. The earth was sheeted in a mantle of the whitest snow, and the limbs of the trees were coated with a glittering armor of ice that looked in the moonlight like burnished gold. With my inmost thoughts on my friends in England, and seized with a mild melancholy at being separated from them, I sat up late with my schnapps. As usual Gretel waited on me. She was fonder than ever. But the seafaring man had settled his account and departed in disgust, while Don Marco

was evidently spending the evening with himself and his discomfiture. At eleven Gretel retired. And as the watch was calling in broken English "Mit-night—and all's vell!" I lit my candle, blew out the remaining lights and ascended to my room. I had reached the door and was about to enter when my attention was attracted by a dull light at the end of the passage. I paused and looked. It was a candle; and, pardi, it was held by the fair hand of Gretel herself. And behind it, in its mellow light, I could distinguish her pink cheeks and lovely eyes. Nay, more, I was sure she was pleading with me, by using those same eyes as a pretty woman so well knows how, to follow her. Now by the grace of our laws I shall some day be a knight of England. Therefore, what could I do but obey her beseeching look? She had thrown down the glove. I took up the gage and moved quickly toward her. To my surprise, at the moment I did so she disappeared from my view, and when I reached the spot where she had been I found that a similar passage ran at right angles to the first one, and again I could see Gretel in a pale halo of light at the further extremity. Determined to overtake her I now broke into a run, but she eluded me as easily as before, and when I reached the end of this second passage I saw before me a steep flight of stairs, and the light of her candle just being shut off by a door closing at the bottom. Being lured in this way and left thus in the dark of a strange passage in a mysterious house situated in a land of which travelers tell many dark and bloody tales, I must confess that I was seized for a moment with a slight thrill of fear. As soon as I realized what possessed me, however, I laughed aloud like a good soldier, to throw it off, and plunged down the steps ready to pursue the maid, if need be, into a very den of devils. At the foot of the stairs I burst through the doorway and came suddenly into the cold open air. And immediately the door itself swung shut so quickly that again I paused with involuntary caution. With a quick glance around I discovered that I was in a closed court, the walls of which were so high that the now low hanging moon did not illuminate it, although I

could see the mellow light and a pale star in the sky above me. This, however, did but make the court itself all the darker, and fearing possible danger I backed up to the door and felt with my left hand to see if it would open again. At the same time I drew my sword with my right. To my dismay I found that the door was closed fast by a catch lock and my retreat was shut off.

"A snare!" I exclaimed angrily, sweeping before me with my sword. I was answered by a mocking laugh that I recognized as the Don's, seldom as I had heard his voice. At once I stepped a trifle forward and threw myself into an attitude of defence. Methought, if he had not friends to set upon me, two or more to one, I had as fair a chance as he, even in the dark. I was soon disabused of such an ungenerous fear, however, for suddenly and most mysteriously a hanging lamp was lit at either end of the court, and I discovered opposite me Don Marco, sword in hand and a light dancing in his eye that I knew meant mischief should I unwarily let him within my guard for the fraction of a moment.

"A pleasant place for a rendezvous," quoth the Don with a malicious grin.

"One that I have kept quite unconsciously, but apparently at the appointed time," I answered, sneeringly.

"I venture that a gentleman could not ask better place for such a meeting," said the Don, "barring a certain court I have seen at Granada."

"I will answer any purpose of mine," I retorted, at the same time looking about me. On all sides I could see nothing but sheer brick walls. And if there were other doors than the one by which I had entered they were so cunningly painted in imitation of the brickwork that I could not discover them. As for the door I knew was behind me, I durst not look at it for fear of the quick limbs and long sword of the Don's. I had time, nevertheless, for a passing malediction at my own recklessness in getting embroiled in such an affair while on the King's business. Nor did I forget in it the minx Gretel, who to my mind had been playing with me merely to lead me into a trap where I might be murdered, or

where in any event I would have to fight for my life. And then I assure you I thought more devotedly of fair Lady Alice than I had before in a fortnight. Such is the inconstancy of man! Suddenly the Don broke the silence.

"In my eyes," said he, "she is more beautiful than the sun or the moon or the stars, than anything in Heaven or on earth." He was thinking of Gretel.

"And so is she in mine," I answered. I was thinking, I assure you, of Lady Alice.

"I worship her even as I do the Holy Ones," continued the Don. He was still thinking of Gretel.

"And so do I," I answered. And again, I was thinking of Alice.

Now I know that you will say here, that the affair should have justly terminated at this point by an explanation on my part of my real intentions. But I will have you to remember that I am an English gentleman and am not used to be crossed in any matter of gallantry. Neither could I offer an explanation, after acting as I had, without laying myself open to the suspicion that I was a coward, which I will never do, nor would you have me. I will frankly confess, also, that I was so furious with Gretel I could have slain any admirer of hers with as good a grace as I could eat my dinner.

"Therefore," continued the Don, with forced politeness, "we must fight—to the death."

"Delay not, on my account," I answered, roughly.

"But I am a Catholic," he went on, "and so used to think of the misfortunes of my foes. Let me admonish you to prepare your soul for another world. Know, young Englishman, that my equal in sword play has never lived. There have been eleven killed before you in this very court, by this very sword, held by this very arm. And the man who sends me to my account will not do so by the skill of his sword arm."

"What mean you?" I asked him hotly, supposing he was insinuating that I might take some unfair advantage.

"I mean," he answered gravely, "that when the man faces me that she loves, *she* will attend to my undoing. It is the compact between us."

"You speak in riddles," I replied.

"Plain ones," said he, "and I will explain to you since you will never go alive from here to repeat what I have told you. I mean this: That I love her. I paid her my court, I proposed an alliance in marriage"—here the Don sighed—"and I was rejected by her. My love was cast to the winds. Again I proposed to the cold of heart, and she laughed at me, and told me she loathed me. I could be happy with love. If I have not that I must have revenge. Without either I prefer death. I am a Castilian. It is explained. But in this case there was no one upon whom I could wreak my vengeance. But I knew her well, and even as I'd loved her, I knew that she was a devil. I proposed a compact that would satisfy me. It was this: That she should permit me to fight and slay every man that paid court to her. She laughed, and agreed with the provide that when the man appeared that she loved in turn, she would interfere to save him—if she could. I accepted the condition on the agreement that she would aid me in entrapping my victims into this court, where I might slay them without hindrance. Now do you understand her—and do you begin to understand me. Eleven have I slain and she has never interfered. It has even been to her like a play or a poem. And my sword has lived on blood, and my heart has fed on vengeance. As for you, your only hope is that she love you and may save you. But how I cannot see, for there you are, and here am I, and between us there is but the length of two swords—and one of them is mine. Stripling, on guard!"

This last taunt he fairly hissed at me. But it was well for me he said it, for it sent the blood leaping through my veins in a mad desire to cross swords with him.

"I am an English soldier," I answered proudly. "Have on."

Without another word he leaped at me like a panther springing on its prey, and it was well indeed that his last contemptuous remark had set my blood on fire, for such adroit swordsmanship I have never seen before and hope never to face again. Thrust, feint, guard, lunge and parry followed each other like lightning. Had I lost my head for a moment I must surely

have been run through, for his skill was amazing and his bounds from side to side to catch me on the flank were wonderful. Indeed he seemed on three sides of me at once. As it was, all I could do was to guard myself from his unceasing attacks. Time and again he endeavored to draw me into the offensive, but I was too wary, and steadily backed around the court on the defence, hoping and praying that some slip from overconfidence might give me a chance to slay him. This I was determined, if possible, to do; for I now saw very clearly that he made no idle boast when he declared he had slain all these lovers of the fair Gretel. He could have slain an army, taking them one at a time. It was indeed a fight to the death.

So on we went, our swords clashing so continuously you would have thought a dozen men were fighting. Meantime I was thinking hard and fast. Now, much as I have served in camps, tricks with the sword I have always held in contempt as being beneath the dignity of a gentleman and fit only for the uses of a bravo. When one's life is hanging by a thread, however, it must be acknowledged that one should be pardoned for suddenly changing one's notions of punctilio. I was in sore need of a trick of some sort and knowing none was compelled to invent one. You shall tell me when I return if my trick savored of the dishonorable. At the worst it was simplicity itself, and would not have deceived him had he not been so eager for my blood. I but pretended that he had pinked me, though not mortally, and while continuing my defence uttered a cry as of one in great despair. With a look of mad joy on his face the Don drew himself up to make one terrible and final lunge at me. But as he raised his arm he uncovered his vitals and I drove my good sword through him as easily as I would have driven it through one of my Lady Alice's lace handkerchiefs. He sank to the ground without a groan, stone dead. But as he did so, I was seized with a violent fit of coughing and of smarting of the eyes and lips for which I could not account. Indeed I feared for a moment that he had, of a very truth, wounded me in some unusual way. I stepped quickly back from his body to inspect myself in the rays of

one of the lamps, for I have often heard that one may be wounded and not feel it in the excitement of the moment. As I did so my attention was attracted by a strange sight. It was Gretel herself leaning out of a small window at the height of my head and nearly opposite the spot where the Don had fallen. A strange expression was on her face, one even of disappointment. And just as though she had told me in so many words I divined that she had thrown red pepper into the court with the intention of blinding the Don and saving my life. Unfortunately she had been a moment too late, however, and I had received the major part of the charge myself.

"Behold me," quoth I to myself, "escaped from the Don only to find myself in the toils of a heartless coquette who has coldly looked on at the murder of eleven unfortunates who loved without pleasing her." And frankly I do not know but that I preferred the flashing of the Don's sword to the fiery shimmer in Gretel's wicked but beautiful eyes. However, one may run from a woman, I reasoned, though one may not with honor run from a man, especially if one happen to be a cold corpse in an out-of-the-way court. So I wisely concluded not to make complaint against Fortune, but to trust to my wits in this predicament as I had to my sword in the other.

In the meantime Gretel had silently closed the blind of the window and now stood before me in the court, having emerged from another secret opening—undoubtedly the one by which she had escaped when she lured me into the court. To my amazement she was now weeping.

"So it was *you* that killed him, after all," she said, between her sobs.

"Beyond a doubt," I answered, glancing at the pale face and bleeding body of the Spaniard.

"You slew him unaided, and therefore you shall not wed me, you shall *not*," she continued, stamping her little foot angrily.

"Indeed?" I exclaimed, very much delighted, but not daring to appear so. "And what may you mean?"

"I mean that had you waited a moment longer my red pepper would have

saved your life. And then I would have been willing to wed with you; for when you should choose to speak ill to me, as husbands do, I could remind you that to me you owed your life. Now I would be but as other wives are to their husbands, your slave. And that I will not."

Now was there ever such a contradiction in character? Or tell me, are all women like this? But no, do not tell me, for I am sure that my dear Lady Alice is of a different mould.

But you can understand with what joy I heard these words from this strange girl; and how sincerely I vowed never to look at a fair face again until I had safely bound myself to Alice once for all. Nor will I describe the tedious work Gretel and I had burying the body of the poor

Don by the side of his eleven victims in the dark cellar of *The Keg and Vat*. I felt more like a murderer than an honest man while engaged on this uncanny task. I have overcome all that by this morning, however, for on reflection, if ever a man deserved death it was this same Don Marco.

And now let me bring this long mis-sive to a close. But one thing more and that a repetition. Should you by any mischance forget yourself and speak of this adventure, be sure to inform Lady Alice that this Gretel was a homely old hag—and at the same time remind her of my undying devotion. And so adieu.

With affection and respect, I am, sir, your son,

Harry Tibbo."

LOVE'S SECOND.

Dan Cupid spied a heart one day
That bore no mark of sighing,
And, thinking it but common clay,
He sent an arrow flying.

Alack! It proved a heart of stone,
That broke Love's well-aimed arrow—
The first time Cupid e'er had known
That aught his power could narrow.

Nonplussed, Dan Cupid sat him down
To plan how he might mend it;
For well he knew the gods would frown
To see him thus expend it.

It would not do to waste the dart—
Each arrow was a treasure,
With which, if he should lightly part,
'Twould wake the gods' displeasure.

Just then a broken heart he spied
And felt an inspiration:
Might not such broken darts be tried
For broken hearts' ligation?

Straightway he bound the pieces twain
Upon the heart sore-laden,
Which healed, and quickly loved again
As well as if 'twere maiden.

From then till now each broken dart
That Cupid haps to shatter
Is bound upon some broken heart,
And quickly heals the latter.

And as so many hearts to-day
Are turned to stone or broken,
Pray, do not censure widows gay—
They're victims of love's token.

R. G. T.

PROPER PREPARATION FOR MATRIMONY.

How many men are absolutely unprepared for the fatal consequences which follow matrimony with the unerring sequence of thunder after lightning! Incidentally what words express the state of matrimony better than "thunder and lightning?" A bachelor once suggested "hades," but he knows nothing about it—that is, about matrimony. Thus is matrimony often misunderstood. Every married man in the world confidently expects his wife to go to heaven. As to himself, he will be satisfied if he lands in no worse a place than hades. But he wants to know that his wife is safely locked up in heaven. Otherwise hades would not seem like home.

After her father has fallen upon your neck (the father of your fair one, of course) with the fatal but pathetic words, "Take her, my boy, and the Lord have mercy upon your soul," there are many things that should be done before the marriage is consummated.

In the first place devote about eight years to having a real good time. Remember that it will be the last chance you will get this side of the place where you expect to go to when you die. If eight years is not enough, take eighteen.

Having exhausted your capabilities for enjoyment and become thoroughly ennuied, it is time to commence the acquirement of wisdom. For this purpose you should spend the next score of years in earnest study at the great universities of football and lack of learning. Much wisdom may be acquired at such institutions. By far the best poker player I ever met was a college graduate.

Being now about fifty years of age, it well to get sent to prison for say twenty years more. This has been accomplished by other men, and can be by yourself. If you find it impossible to be detected in crime, however (which is tantamount to acknowledging that you live in Chicago), devote the said period to travel in foreign lands.

After this seek out some mountain height and be a hermit "remote, unfriended, melancholy and decidedly slow." Ten years of this should leave you in a position to think of marriage.

Then spend the rest of your life thinking about it.



QUARANTINED.

Cholly—I'm afwaid that glass of wine has gone to my head.
Molly—It must be awfully lonesome.

AN AFTER-DINNER ADVENTURE.*

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

IHAVE friends who tell me that they seldom walk the streets of London without wondering what is passing behind the house-fronts; without picturing a comedy here, a love scene there, and behind the dingy cane blinds a something ill-defined, a something odd and *bizarre*. They experience—if you believe them—a sense of loneliness out in the street, an impatience of the sameness of all these many houses, their dull bricks and discreet windows, and a longing that some one would step out and ask they to enter and see the play.

Well, I have never felt any of these things; but as I was passing through Fitzhardinge Square about half-past ten o'clock one evening in last July, after dining, if I remember rightly, in Baker street, something happened to me which I fancy may be of interest to such people.

I was passing through the square from north to south, and to avoid a small crowd, which some reception had drawn together, I left the pavement and struck out across the road to the path around the oval garden, which, by the way, contains a few of the finest trees in London. This part was in deep shadow, so that when I presently emerged from it and recrossed the road to the pavement near the top of Fitzhardinge street I had an advantage over any persons on the pavement. They were under the lamps while I, coming from beneath the trees, was almost invisible.

The door of the house immediately in front of me as I crossed was open, and an elderly man-servant out of livery was standing at it, looking up and down the pavement by turns. It was his air of furtive anxiety that drew my attention to him. He was not like a man looking for a cab, or waiting for his sweetheart; and I had my eye upon him as I stepped upon the pavement before him. But my surprise was great when he uttered a low exclamation of dismay at sight of me, and made as if he would escape; while his face, in the full glare of the light, grew so pale and terror-stricken that he might before have been completely at his ease. I was astonished and instinctively stood still returning

his gaze; for perhaps twenty seconds we remained so, he speechless, and his hands fallen by his side. Then, before I could move on, as I was in the act of doing, he cried, "Oh, Mr. George! Oh, Mr. George!" in a tone that rang out in the stillness rather as a wail than an ordinary cry.

My name, my surname, I mean, is George. For a moment I took the address to myself, forgetting that the man was a stranger, and my heart began to beat more quickly with fear of what might have happened. "What is it?" I exclaimed. "What is it?" and I shook back from the lower part of my face the silk muffler I was wearing. The evening was close, but I had been suffering from a sore throat.

He came nearer and peered more closely at me, and I dismissed my fear; for I thought I could see the discovery of his mistake dawning upon him. His pallid face, on which the pallor was the more noticeable as his plump features were those of a man with whom the world as a rule went well, regained some of its lost color, and a sigh of relief passed his lips. But this feeling was only momentary. The joy of escape from whatever blow he had thought imminent gave place at once to his previous state of miserable expectancy of something or other.

"You took me for another person," I said, preparing to pass on. At that moment I could have sworn—I would have given one hundred to one twice over—that he was going to say, "Yes."

To my intense astonishment he did not. With a very visible effort he said, "No."

"Eh! What?" I exclaimed. I had taken a step or two.

"No, sir."

"Then what is it?" I said. "What do you want, my good fellow?"

Watching his shuffling, indeterminate manner, I wondered if he were sane. His next answer reassured me on that point. There was an almost desperate deliberation in his manner. "My master wishes to see you, sir, if you will kindly walk in for five minutes," was what he said.

I should have replied, "who is your master?" if I had been wise; or cried,

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"Nonsense!" and gone my way. But the mind, when it is spurred by a sudden emergency, often overruns the more obvious course to adopt a worse. It was possible that one of my intimates had taken the house, and said in his butler's presence that he wished to see me. Thinking of that I answered, "Are you sure of this? Have you not made a mistake, my man?"

With an obstinate sullenness that was new in him, he said, no, he had not. Would I please walk in? He stepped briskly forward as he spoke, and induced me by a kind of gentle urgency to enter the house, taking from me, with the ease of a trained servant, my hat, coat and muffler. Finding himself in the course of his duties he gained more composure; while I, being thus treated, lost my sense of the strangeness of the proceeding, and only awoke to a full consciousness of my position when he had softly shut the door behind us and was in the act of putting up the chain.

Then I confess I looked around, a little alarmed at my precipitancy. But I found the hall spacious, lofty, and dark-panelled, the ordinary hall of an old London house. The big fireplace was filled with plants in flower. There were rugs on the floor and a number of chairs with painted crests on the backs, and in a corner was an old sedan chair, its poles upright against the wall.

No other servants were visible, it is true. But apart from this all was in order, all was quiet, and any idea of violence was manifestly absurd.

At the same time the affair seemed of the strangest. Why should the butler in charge of a well-arranged and handsome house—the house of an ordinary wealthy gentleman—why should he loiter about the open doorway as if anxious to feel the presence of his kind? Why should he show such nervous excitement and terror as I had witnessed? Why should he introduce a stranger?

I had reached this point when he led the way upstairs. The staircase was wide, the steps were low and broad. On either side, at the head of the flight, stood a beautiful Venus of white Parian marble. They were not common reproductions, and I paused. I could see beyond them a Hercules and a Meleager of bronze, and delicately tinted draperies and ottomans that under the light of a silver hanging lamp—a gem from Malta—changed a mere lobby to a fairies' nook. The sight filled me with a certain suspicion; which was dispelled, however, when my hand rested for an instant upon the reddish pedestal that supported one of the statues. The cold touch of the marble was enough for me. The pillars were not of composite; of

which they certainly would have consisted in a gambling house, or worse.

Three steps carried me across the lobby to a curtained doorway by which the servant was waiting. I saw that the "shakes" were upon him again. His impatience was so ill concealed that I was not surprised—though I was taken aback—when he dropped the mask altogether, and as I passed him—it being now too late for me to retreat undiscovered, if the room were occupied—laid a trembling hand upon my arm and thrust his face close to mine. "Ask how he is! Say anything," he whispered, trembling, "no matter what, sir! Only, for the love of Heaven, stay five minutes!"

He gave me a gentle push forward as he spoke—pleasant, all this!—and announced in a loud, quavering voice, "Mr. George!" which was true enough. I found myself walking round a screen at the same time that something in the room, a long, dimly lighted room, fell with a brisk, rattling sound, and there was the scuffling noise of a person, still hidden from me by the screen, rising to his feet in haste.

Next moment I was face to face with two men. One, a handsome elderly gentleman, who wore gray mustaches and would have seemed in place at a service club, was still in his chair, regarding me with a perfectly



"Have you not made a mistake, my man?"

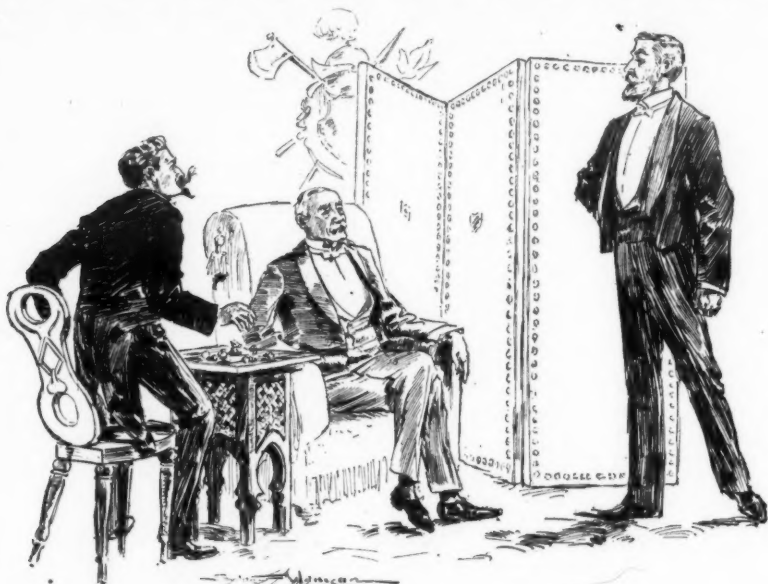
calm, unmoved face, as if my entrance at that hour were the commonest incident of his life. The other had risen and stood looking at me askance. He was five-and-twenty years younger than his companion, and as good-looking in a different way. But now his face was white and drawn, distorted by the same expression of terror—ay, and a darker and fiercer terror than that which I had already seen upon the servant's features; it was the face of one in a desperate strait. He looked as a man looks who has put all he has in the world upon an outsider—and has done it twice. In that quiet drawing-room by the side of his placid companion,

tone that exactly matched his face. "Sit down, George," he said, "don't stand there. I did not expect you this evening." He held out his hand, without rising from his chair, and I advanced and shook it in silence. "I thought you were in Liverpool. How are you?" he continued.

"Very well, I thank you," I muttered mechanically.

"Not very well, I should say," he retorted. "You are as hoarse as a raven. You have a bad cold at best. It is nothing worse, my boy, is it?" with anxiety.

"No, a throat cough; nothing else," I murmured, resigning myself to this aston-



"His panic-stricken face shocked me inexpressibly."

with nothing whatever in their surroundings to account for his emotion, his panic-stricken face shocked me inexpressibly.

They were in evening dress; and between them was a chess table, its men in disorder; almost touching this was another small table bearing a tray of Apollinaris water and spirits. On this the young man was resting one hand as if, but for its support, he would have fallen.

To add one more fact, I had never seen either of them in my life.

Or wait; could that be true? If so, it must indeed have been a nightmare I was suffering. For the elder man broke the silence by addressing me in a quiet, ordinary

ishing reception—this evident concern for my welfare on the part of a man whom I had never seen in my life.

"That is well," he answered cheerily. Not only did my presence cause him no surprise. It gave him, without doubt, actual pleasure!

It was otherwise with his companion; grimly and painfully so indeed. He had made no advances to me, spoken no word, scarcely altered his position. His eyes he had never taken from me. Yet in him there was a change. He had discovered, exactly as had the butler before him, his mistake. The sickly terror was gone from his face, and a half-frightened malevolence, not much more

pleasant to witness, had taken its place. Why this did not break out in any active form was part of the general mystery given to me to solve. I could only surmise from glances which he later cast from time to time toward the door, and from the occasional faint creaking of a board in that direction, that his self-restraint had to do with my friend the butler. The inconsequences of dreamland ran through it all; why the elder man remained in error; why the younger with that passion on his face was tongue-tied; why the great house was so still; why the servant should have mixed me up with this business at all—these were questions as unanswerable, one as the other.

And the fog in my mind grew denser when the old gentleman turned from me as if my presence were a usual thing, and rapped the table before him impatiently. "Now Gerald!" cried he, in sharp tones, "have you put those pieces back? Good Heavens! I am glad that I have not nerves like yours! Don't you remember the squares, boy? Here, give them to me!" With a hasty gesture of his hand, something like a mesmeric pass over the board, he set down the half dozen pieces with a rapid tap! tap! tap! which made it abundantly clear that he, at any rate, had no doubt of their former positions.

"You will not mind sitting by until we have finished the game?" he continued, speaking to me, and in a voice I fancied more genial than that which he had used to Gerald. "You are anxious to talk to me about your letter, George?" he went on when I did not answer. "The fact is that I have not read the inclosure. Barnes, as usual, read the outer letter to me, in which you said the matter was private and of grave importance; and I intended to go to Laura to-morrow as you suggested, and get her to read the news to me. Now you have returned so soon, I am glad that I did not trouble her."

"Just so, sir," I said, listening with all my ears; and wondering.

"Well, I hope there is nothing very bad the matter, my boy?" he replied. "However—Gerald! it is your move! ten minutes more of such play as your brother's, and I shall be at your service."

Gerald made a hurried move.* The piece rattled upon the board as if he had been playing the castanets. His father made him take it back. I sat watching the two in wonder and silence. What did it all mean? Why should Barnes—doubtless behind the screen, listening—read the outer letter? Why must Laura be employed to read the inner? Why could not this cultivated and

refined gentleman before me read his—Ah! that much was disclosed to me. A mere turn of the hand did it. He had made another of those passes over the board, and I learned from it what an ordinary examination would not have detected. He, the old soldier with the placid face and light-blue eyes, was blind! Quite blind!

I began to see more clearly now, and from this moment, I took up, at any rate in my own mind, a different position. Possibly the servant who had impelled me into the middle of this had had his own good reason for doing so, as I now began to discern. But with a clue to the labyrinth in my hand, I could no longer move passively at any other's impulse. I must act for myself. For a while I sat still and made no sign. My suspicions were presently confirmed. The elder man more than once scolded his opponent for playing slowly. In one of these intervals he took from an inside pocket of his dress waistcoat a small package.

"You had better take your letter, George," he said. "If there are, as you mentioned, originals in it, they will be more safe with you than with me. You can tell me all about it, *viva voce*, now you are here. Gerald will leave us alone presently."

He held the papers toward me. To take them would be to take an active part in the imposture, and I hesitated, my own hand half outstretched. But my eyes fell at the critical instant upon Master Gerald's face, and my scruples took themselves off. He was eying the packet with an intense greed and a trembling longing—a very itching of the fingers and toes to fall upon the prey—that put an end to my doubts. I rose and took the papers. With a quiet, but I think significant look in his direction, I placed them in the breast pocket of my evening coat. I had no safer receptacle about me, or into that they would have gone.

"Very well, sir," I said, "there is no particular hurry. I think the matter will keep, as things now are, until to-morrow."

"To be sure. You ought not to be out with such a cold at night, my boy," he answered. "You will find a decanter of the Soctch whisky you gave me last Christmas on the tray. Will you have some with hot water and a lemon, George? The servants are all at the theatre—Gerald begged a holiday for them—but Barnes will get you the things in a minute."

"Thank you; I won't trouble him. I will take some with cold water," I replied, thinking I should gain in this way what I wanted—time to think; five minutes to myself while they played.

But I was out of my reckoning. "I will have mine now, too," he said. "Will you mix it, Gerald?"

Gerald jumped up to do it, with tolerable alacrity. I sat still, preferring to help myself when he should have attended to his father, if his father it was. I felt more easy now that I had those papers in my pocket. The more I thought of it the more certain I became that they were the object aimed at by whatever deviltry was on foot, and that possession of them gave me the whip hand. My young gentleman might snarl and show his teeth but the prize had escaped him.

Perhaps I was a little too confident, a little too contemptuous of my opponent; a little too proud of the firmness with which I had taken at one and the same time the responsibility and the post of vantage. A creak of the board behind the screen aroused me from my thoughts. It fell upon my ear trumpet-tongued, a sudden note of warning. I glanced up with a start and a conviction that I was being caught napping, and looked instinctively toward the young man. He was busy at the tray, his back to me. Relieved of my fear of I did not know what—perhaps a desperate attack upon my pocket—I was removing my eyes, when, in doing so, I caught sight of his reflection in a small mirror beyond him.

What was he busy about! Nothing. Absolutely nothing at the moment. He was standing motionless—I could fancy him breathless also—a strange, listening expression on his face, which seemed to me to have faded to a grayish tinge. His left hand was clasping a half-filled tumbler, the other was at his waistcoat pocket. So he stood during perhaps a second or two, a small lamp upon the tray before him illumining his handsome figure, and then his eyes, glancing up, met the reflection of mine in the mirror. Swiftly as the thought itself could pass from brain to limb, the hand which had been resting in the pocket flashed with a clatter among the glasses; and, turning almost as quickly, he brought one of the latter to the chess table, and set it down unsteadily.

What had I seen? Nothing, actually nothing. Just what Gerald had been doing. Yet my heart was going as many strokes to the minute as a losing crew. I rose abruptly.

"Wait a moment, sir," I said as the elder man laid his hand upon the glass. "I don't think Gerald has mixed this quite as you like it."

He had already lifted it to his lips. I looked from him to Gerald. That young gentleman's color, though he faced me hardily, shifted more than once, and he

seemed to be swallowing a succession of oversized fives balls; but his eyes met mine with a vicious kind of smile that was not without its gleam of triumph. I was persuaded that all was right even before his father said so.

"Perhaps you have mixed for me, Gerald?" I suggested pleasantly.

"No!" he answered in sullen defiance. He filled a glass with something—perhaps it was water—and drank it, his back toward me. He had not spoken so much as a single word to me before.

The blind man's ear recognized the tone now. "I wish you boys would agree better," he said wearily. "Gerald, go to bed. I would as soon play chess with an idiot from Earlswood. Generally you can play the game, if you are good for nothing else; but since your brother came in you have not made a move which anyone not an imbecile would make. Go to bed, boy! go to bed!"

I had stepped to the table while he was speaking. One of the glasses was full. I lifted it, with seeming unconcern, to my nose. There was whisky in it as well as water. Then had Gerald mixed for me? At any rate, I put the tumbler aside, and helped myself afresh. When I set the glass down empty, my mind was made up.

"Gerald does not seem inclined to move, sir, so I will," I said, quietly. "I will call in the morning and discuss that matter, if it will suit you. But to-night I feel inclined to get to bed early."

"Quite right, my boy. I would ask you to take a bed here instead of turning out, but I suppose that Laura will be expecting you. Come in any time to-morrow morning. Shall Barnes call a cab for you?"

"I think I will walk," I answered, shaking the proffered hand. "By the way, sir," I added, "have you heard who is the new Home Secretary?"

"Yes, Henry Matthews," he replied. "Gerald told me. He had heard it at the club."

"It is to be hoped that he will have no womanish scruples about capital punishment," I said, as if I were incidentally considering the appointment. And with that last shot at Mr. Gerald—he turned green, I thought, a color which does not go well with a black mustache—I walked out of the room, so peaceful, so cozy, so softly lighted as it looked, I remember, and down stairs. I hoped that I had paralyzed the young fellow, and might leave the house without molestation.

But, as I gained the foot of the stairs, he tapped me on the shoulder. I saw, then,

looking at him, that I had mistaken my man. Every trace of the sullen defiance which had marked his manner throughout the interview upstairs was gone. His face was still pale, but it wore a gentle smile as we confronted one another under the hall lamp. "I have not the pleasure of knowing you, but let me thank you for your help," he said in a low voice, yet with a kind of frank spontaneity. "Barnes' idea of bringing you in was a splendid one, and I am immensely obliged to you."

"Don't mention it," I answered, stiffly, proceeding with my preparations for going out as if he had not been there, although I must confess that this complete change in him exercised my mind no little.

"I feel so sure that we may rely on your discretion," he went on, ignoring my tone, "that I need say nothing about that. Of course, we owe you an explanation, but as your cold is really yours and not my brother's, you will not mind if I read you the riddle to-morrow instead of keeping you from your bed to-night?"

"It will do equally well; indeed better," I said, putting on my overcoat and buttoning it carefully across my chest, while I affected to be looking with curiosity at the sedan chair.

He pointed lightly to the place where the packet lay. "You are forgetting the papers," he reminded me. His tone almost compelled me to answer: "To be sure."

But I had pretty well made up my mind, and answered, instead: "Not at all. They are quite safe, thank you."

"But you don't— beg your pardon," he said, opening his eyes very wide, as if some new light were beginning to shine upon his mind and he could scarcely believe its revelations. "You don't really mean that you are going to take those papers away from you?"

"Certainly!"

"My dear sir!" he remonstrated earnestly. "This is preposterous. Pray forgive me the reminder, but those papers, as my father gave you to understand, are private papers, which he himself supposed to be handing to my brother George."

"Just so," was all I said. And I took a step toward the door.

"You really mean to take them?" he asked, seriously.

"I do; unless you can satisfactorily explain the part I have played this evening and also make it clear to me that you have a right to the possession of the papers."

"Confound it! If I must do so to-night I must!" he said, reluctantly. "I trust to your honor, sir, to keep the explanation

secret." I bowed, and he resumed: "My elder brother and I are in business together. Lately we have had losses which have crippled us so severely that we decided to disclose them to Sir Charles and ask his help. George did so yesterday by letter, giving certain notes of our liabilities. You ask why he did not make such a statement by word of mouth? Because he had to go to Liverpool at a moment's notice to make a last effort to arrange the matter. And as for me," with a curious grimace, "my father would as soon discuss business with his dog! Sooner!"

"Well?" I said. He had paused and was absently flicking the blossoms off the geraniums in the fireplace with his pocket handkerchief, looking moodily at his work the while. I cannot even remember noticing the handkerchief, yet I seem to be able to see it now. It had a red border, and was heavily scented with white rose. "Well?"

"Well," he continued, with a visible effort, "my father has been ailing lately, and this morning his usual doctor made him see Bristowe. He is an authority on heart disease, as you doubtless know; and his opinion is," he added, in a lower voice and with some emotion, "that even a slight shock may prove fatal."

I began to feel hot and uncomfortable. What was I to think? The packet was becoming as lead in my pocket.

"Of course," he resumed, more briskly, "that threw our difficulties into the shade at once; and my first impulse was to get these papers from him. Don't you see that? All day I have been trying in vain to effect it. I took Barnes, who is an old servant, partially into my confidence, but we could think of no plan. My father, like many people who have lost their sight, is jealous, and I was at my wits' end, when Barnes brought you up. Your likeness," he added in a parenthesis, looking at me reflectively, "to George put the idea into his head, I fancy? Yes, it must have been so. When I heard you announced for a moment I thought that you were George."

"And you called up a look of the warmest welcome," I put in, dryly.

He colored, but answered almost immediately, "I was afraid that he would assume that the governor had read his letter and blurt out something about it. Good Lord! If you knew the funk in which I have been all the evening lest my father should ask either of us to read the letter!" and he gathered up his handkerchief with a sigh of relief and wiped his forehead.

"I could see it very plainly," I answered, going slowly in my mind over what he had

told me. If the truth must be confessed, I was in no slight quandary what I should do, or what I should believe. Was this really the key to it all? Dared I doubt it? or that that which I had constructed was a mare's nest—the mere framework of a mare's nest. For the life of me I could not tell!

"Well?" he said presently, looking up with an offended air. "Is there anything else I can explain? or will you have the kindness to return my property to me now?"

"There is one thing, about which I should like to ask a question," I said.

"Ask on!" he replied, and I wondered whether there was not a little too much of bravado in the tone of suzerainty he assumed.

"Why do you carry?"—I went on, raising my eyes to his, and pausing on the word an instant—"that little medicament—you know what I mean—in your waistcoat pocket, my friend?"

He perceptibly flinched. "I don't quite—quite understand," he began to stammer. Then he changed his tone and went on rapidly, "No! I will be frank with you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"George," I said calmly.

"Ah, indeed?" a trifle surprised. "Mr. George! Well, it is something Bristowe gave me this morning to be administered to my father—without his knowledge, if possible—whenever he grows excitable. I did not think that you had seen it."

Nor had I. I had only inferred its presence. But having inferred rightly once, I was inclined to trust my inference farther. Moreover, while he gave this explanation, his breath came and went so quickly that my former suspicions returned. I was ready for him when he said, "Now I will trouble you, if you please, for those papers?" and held out his hand.

"I cannot give them to you," I replied, point-blank.

"You cannot give them to me now?" he repeated.

"No. Moreover, the packet is sealed. I do not see, on second thoughts, what harm I can do you—now that it is out of your father's hands—by keeping it until tomorrow, when I will return it to your brother, from whom it came."

"He will not be in London," he answered doggedly. He stepped between me and the door with looks which I did not like. At the same time I felt that some allowance must be made for a man treated in this way.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I cannot do what you ask. I will do this, however. If you think the delay of importance, and will give me your brother's address in Liverpool,

I will undertake to post the letters to him at once."

He considered the offer, eyeing me the while with the same disfavor which he had exhibited in the drawing-room. At last he said, slowly, "if you will do that?"

"I will," I repeated. "I will do it immediately."

He gave me the direction—"George Ritherdon, at the London and Northwestern Hotel, Liverpool"—and in return I gave him my own name and address. Then I parted from him, with a civil good-night on either side—and little liking, I fancy—the clocks striking midnight, and the servants coming in as I passed out into the cool darkness of the square.

Late as it was, I went straight to my club, determined that, as I had assumed the responsibility, there should be no laches on my part. There I placed the packet, together with a short note explaining how it came in my possession, in an outer envelope, and dropped the whole, duly directed and stamped, into the nearest pillar box. I could not register it at that hour, and rather than wait until next morning, I omitted the precaution; merely requesting Mr. Ritherdon to acknowledge its receipt.

Well, some days passed, during which it may be imagined that I thought no little about my odd experience. It was the story of the Lady and the Tiger over again. I had the choice of two alternatives at least. I might either believe the young fellow's story, which certainly had the merit of explaining in a fairly probable manner an occurrence of so odd a character as not to lend itself freely to explanation. Or I might disbelieve his story, plausible in its very strangeness as it was, in favor of my own vague suspicions. Which was I to do?

Well, I set out by preferring the former alternative. This, notwithstanding that I had to some extent committed myself against it by withholding the papers. But with each day that passed without bringing me an answer from Liverpool, I leaned more and more to the other side. I began to pin my faith to the Tiger, adding each morning a point to the odds in the animal's favor. So it went on until ten days had passed.

Then a little out of curiosity, but more, I gravely declare, because I thought it the right thing to do, I resolved to seek out George Ritherdon. I had no difficulty in learning where he might be found. I turned up the firm of Ritherdon Brothers (George and Gerald), cotton-spinners and India merchants, in the first directory I consulted. And about noon the next day I called at their place of business and sent in my card

to the senior partner. I waited five minutes, curiously scanned by the porter, who no doubt saw a likeness between me and his employer—and then I was admitted to the latter's room.

He was a tall man with a fair beard, not one whit like Gerald, and yet tolerably good looking; if I say more I shall seem to be describing myself. I fancied him to be balder about the temples, however, and grayer and more careworn than the man I am in the habit of seeing in my shaving glass. His eyes, too, had a hard look, and he seemed in ill health. All these things I took in later. At the time I only noticed his clothes. "So the old gentleman is dead," I thought, "and the young one's tale is true, after all?" George Ritherton was in deep mourning.

"I wrote to you," I began, taking the seat to which he pointed, "about a fortnight ago."

He looked at my card, which he held in his hand. "I think not," he said, slowly.

"Yes," I repeated. "You were then at the London and Northwestern Hotel, in Liverpool."

He was stepping to his writing-table, but he stopped abruptly. "I was in Liverpool," he answered, in a different tone, "but I was not at that hotel. You are thinking of my brother, are you not?"

"No," I said. "It was your brother who told me you were there."

"Perhaps you had better explain what was the subject of your letter," he suggested, speaking in the weary tone of one returning to a painful matter. "I have been through a great trouble lately, and this may well have been overlooked."

I said I would, and as briefly as possible I told the main facts of my strange visit in Fitzhardinge Square. He was much moved, walking up and down the room as he listened, and giving vent to exclamations from time to time, until I came to the arrangement I had finally made with his brother. Then he raised his hand as one might do in pain.

"Enough!" he said, abruptly. "Barnes told me a rambling tale of some stranger. I understand it all now."

"So do I, I think!" I replied dryly. "Your brother went to Liverpool, and received the papers in your name?"

He murmured what I took for "Yes." But he did not utter a single word of ac-



"Then he raised his hand as one might do in pain."

knowledgment to me, or of reprobation of his brother's deceit. I thought some such word should have been spoken; and I let my feelings carry me away. "Let me tell you," I said warmly, "that your brother is a—"

"Hush!" he said, holding up his hand again. "He is dead."

"Dead!" I repeated, shocked and amazed.

"Have you not read of it in the papers? It is in all the papers," he said, wearily. "He committed suicide—God forgive me for it!—at Liverpool, at the hotel you have mentioned, the day after you saw him."

And so it was. He had committed some serious forgery—he had always been wild, though his father, slow to see it, had only lately closed his purse to him, and the forged signatures had come into his brother's power. He had cheated his brother before. There had long been bad blood between them; the one being as cold, businesslike, and masterful as the other was idle and jealous.

"I told him," the elder said to me, shading his eyes with his hand, "that I should let him be prosecuted—that I would not protect or shelter him. The threat nearly drove him mad; and while it was hanging over him, I wrote to disclose the matter to Sir Charles. Gerald thought his last chance lay in recovering this letter unread. The proofs against him destroyed, he might laugh at me. His first attempts failed;

and then he planned, with Barnes' cognizance, to get possession of the packet by drugging my father's whisky. Barnes' courage deserted him; he called you in, and—and you know the rest."

"But," I said softly, "your brother did get the letter—at Liverpool."

George Ritherdon groaned. "Yes," he said, "he did. But the proofs were not inclosed. After writing the outside letter I changed my mind, and withheld them, ex-

plaining my reasons within. He found his plot lain in vain; and it was under the shock of this disappointment—the packet lay before him, resealed and directed to me—that he—that he did it. Poor Gerald!"

"Poor Gerald!" I said. What else remained to be said?

It may be a survival of superstition, yet, when I dine in Baker street now, I take some care to go home by any other route than that through Fitzhardinge Square.

AN IMPROMPTU

TO GARETHA.

I'm placed at my desk to write, love,
Of sweethearts in France years ago;
Their image is darkened to-night, love,
The flame of thine own doth glow.

They loved and did languish as we, love,
For sweets Fate gave, then denied.
'Tis said she was charming as thee, love;
While he—I'm an ogre beside.

I grant he was handsome and brave, love,
And wielded his sword with skill.
The sight of blood sickens thy slave, love;
The one thing he can wield is a quill.

But she, though a dame of degree, love,
With lips men did murder to kiss,
Could not have been fairer than thee, love,
She's fancy, thou'rt flesh, challenge this!

—G.

REFECTORIES OF GOTHAM.

BY

A. Q. H.



DIFFICULT to please, indeed, must be the man who cannot find a restaurant in the metropolis that makes appeal to his

peculiar tastes.

Here are refectories of every description; cheap, expensive, old-fashioned, up-to-date, on the roof, in the cellar, *table d'hôte*, *à la carte*, hung with scripture mottoes, pervaded by a spirit of naughtiness, English, French, German, Italian, Hungarian, Chinese, "quick," "leisurely," with perfect waiters, or no waiters at all. These and many others, widely divergent in character, multiply rapidly in every section of the big city, and every one of them, unless absolutely unworthy, is reasonably sure of a *clientèle*.



"HE 'YAR, BOSS, HOT AS TABASCO!"

Even the frankfurter man, with his pungent wares, and the push-cart caterer, who sells coffee at a penny a cup, have their regular following. A step above these humble restaurants are the sidewalk refreshment stands, many of which are conducted by a philanthropic woman who has made this her life-work. The stands serve reasonably good food at absurdly low prices, their principal patrons being newsboys, bootblacks and the class of men who live in cheap lodging-houses.

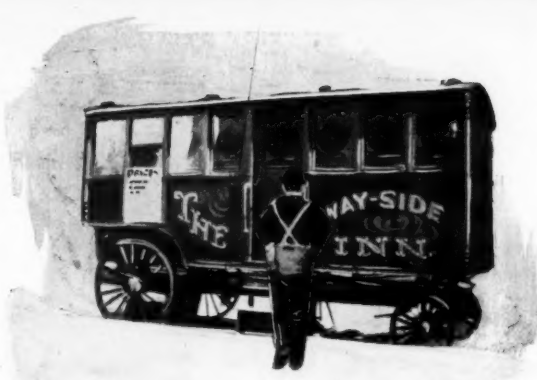
In most of the Bowery eating houses weird collections of humanity may be observed whose component parts, diversely picturesque and of almost every nationality, are alike in one respect—they need a bath. The waiters, invariably of the genus



"BE SURE AND DON'T HAVE 'EM TOO WELL DONE."

"tough," seem very proud of their ability to carry a half a dozen dinners on the crook of an arm, and at the same time balance a great tower of brimming coffee cups in mid-air. They have a picturesque nomenclature for the items on the bill of fare, and their shouted orders to the cook are usually quite unintelligible to the casual patron.

Those queer booths on wheels, the lunch wagons, are managed by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and are meant to act as counter-attractions to the seductive influence of free lunch counters. Though they are



THE INN OF THE CENTURY.

kept scrupulously clean, the interior space is so limited that, on entering, commingled food odors greet sensitive nostrils with unpleasant force. As far as an outsider may judge, they seem to be doing a good work among the class they are intended to benefit.

The "quick lunch" idea originated nearly forty years ago with the proprietor of a little eating-house in Park Row. Everything on his bill of fare was very plain and cheap, but extremely well cooked. The combined prices of every dish served there only amounted to a little over a dollar. Notwithstanding this and the fact that the cramped quarters would hold but about twenty-five customers at a time, it is claimed that this apparently trivial



A ST. ANDREW'S STAND.

business yielded as high as twenty thousand dollars profit a year. One of the principal attractions of the place was the rapid service. The frequenters were mostly letter carriers and employees of the various newspaper offices in the vicinity. Even well-known editors of the old regime did not disdain to enter the little shop and rub elbows with the printer's devil while sipping a cup of fragrant coffee, accompanied perhaps by a plate of "ham and" or "sinkers."

This simple establishment was the germ



THE TRAMP SANDWICH MAN.



IN CHINATOWN

choice and course dinners prepared by cooks of various nationalities are obtainable at prices ranging from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a half. The supremacy of the Italians, first comers in this field, has been warmly contested by the French, and the proprietors of most of the *table d'hôte* restaurants are of these two races. For fifty cents, which is the popular price for a dinner of this class, an excellent meal may be had, but of course the diner must not be over-critical as to the quality of the wine served. If it be a red wine, logwood is pretty sure to be its dominant characteristic. *Table d'hôte* habitués playfully allude to it as "red ink." In the fifty-cent class are included the various bohemian resorts that have been such a fruitful source of inspiration to the space writers on the Sunday newspapers. Weird as their descriptions have been, they are but slightly overdrawn. The frequenters of these places are indeed a jolly crowd. They tell stories, sing, recite poetry, and enter earnestly into the business of enjoying

from which other minds evolved the more modern quick lunch room, with a much wider variety of viands to choose from, expensive (but somewhat garish) decorations and often music as well.

The "buffets" are favored by that unfortunate class of men who are so busy that they have no time to devote to living and must perforce picnic their way along. Here one must eat his luncheon standing. There are no waiters—every one helps himself. The patrons foot up their own bills and the cashier accepts without question whatever sum is offered. It is all exceeding "quick," odd, uncomfortable and dyspepsia-breeding. To a foreigner it must seem the apotheosis of Americanism.

Not so very long ago Martinelli, of pleasant memory, conducted the only *table d'hôte* in town that had any really extensive patronage. But nowadays there is a wide



ON THE BOWERY.



THE SANS-SOUCI.

themselves. The women join in all this with quite as much ardor as the men, and cigarette smoking is general among both sexes. A stranger may converse with any one in the room without the formality of an introduction at some of these places, but by a tacit understanding this liberty is never allowed to degenerate into license. At one of these resorts, well-known actors, artists and clever professional people of every sort gather nightly. It is but a dingy little hole, the meals are indifferently cooked and poorly served, but the place has become famous and its proprietor wealthy.

Over on Third avenue one may indulge in a course dinner for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. The *menu* comprises soup, fish, roast, salad, dessert and

coffee. Considering the price, it is an extremely good meal, but the unclean table cloths, slovenly waiters and other offenses to good taste cry to Heaven.

Of course at the highest-priced *table d'hotes* the best of everything is served. Each has a *chef* noted for some specialty; one excels in the preparation of spaghetti, while deftness in the making of a salad is another's forte. Here, too, the appointments are of the best; electric lights glimmer through palms and potted flowers, the rooms are tastefully decorated, and good music is an accompaniment of the meal.

Seekers for novelty, unaccompanied by their appetites, will find a visit to one of the Chinese restaurants a satisfying experience. Here tea is served free with the meal in lieu of water, and napkins and table cloths are an unknown quantity, roller towels hung here and there upon the walls taking the place of the former. Payment for the meal is exacted in advance. Chop sticks, of course, take the place of knives and forks, and many misguided Caucasians who have become regular customers of these places may be seen using these uncouth implements with dexterity. The most popular dish on the bill of fare is "Chop Suey." This is what may be called a Chinese version of hash; its ingredients instead of being chopped, however, are shredded. It is a fearful and wonderful concoction beside which the familiar boarding-house brand of hash, beloved of humorous paragraphers, pales into insignificance.

At the top of many of the sky-scrapers that have sprung up all over the lower part of the city are to be found excellent restaurants. These are particularly favored in summer, as, owing to their altitude, they are usually at a comfortable temperature even on the hottest days. From them excellent bird's-eye views of the city and harbor may be obtained, and for this reason they are in high favor with out-of-town visitors. The *cuisine* is generally first-class.

To the leisurely *gourmet* the old-fashioned English chop-houses appeal strongly. In a typical place of this class rare prints of hunting scenes and old-time

theatrical celebrities, interspersed with letters and playbills of historic interest, cover the walls. The chairs roomy and comfortable, the linen immaculate, the service perfect and a spirit of good cheer pervades the place.

And now we come to that restaurant of restaurants — Delmonico's. In the hearts of its friends there is but one "Del's." None other can supplant it in their affections. When the Waldorf made large inroads on the custom of the old Fifth avenue establishment, most of the regular frequenters never wavered in their loyalty for an instant. And, now that the proprietor has taken possession of his beautiful new building nearer the heart of the town, these old-time admirers find even their former ideals improved upon.

The price of a dinner here may vary widely. A very good one for three persons, *à l'ordinaire* included, can be had for twelve dollars, though, of course, it is an easy matter to spend ten dollars a cover or even more. The quality and quantity of the wine consumed is necessarily an important factor in the cost.

There is no hard and fast adherence to the printed *menu*, and regular customers have learned that they may have their gastronomic whims humored to the utmost if they are willing to "pay the piper." This class are carefully attended to by the proprietor, and are the most difficult to win away to rival houses.

Below is a Delmonico *menu* intended to cost fifteen dollars a plate, wines not included; the tables to be laid for three hundred covers. It is given on the authority of M. Charles Ranhofer, the chef.

MENU.

Canapes d'Anchois et Caviar.
Radis. Olives. Celery. Thon marine.
Jambon de Westphalie. Huitres en Coquille.

POTAGES.

Nids d'Hirondelles. Tortue Verte claire.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Timbales a la Napolitaine.

POISSON.

Aiguillettes de Bass a la Joinville. Concombres.
Crabes d'Huitres frits.

RELEVES.

Selle de Chevreuil, Tyrolienne.
Haricots panaches.



AFTER THE THEATRE.

ENTREES.

Filets de Poulet a la Chevreuse.
Petits Pois, Parisienne.
Cotelettes de Grouse a la Segard.
Macedoine de Legumes. Terrapene a la Maryland.
Sorbet Bouquetiere.

ROTI.

Canvasback Ducks. Cailles truffees.

FROID.

Galantine de Poulet a la Berger.
Aspie de Foies Gras historie.
Salade Laitue.

ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR CHAUD.

Savarin aux Ananas.

PIECES MONTÉES.

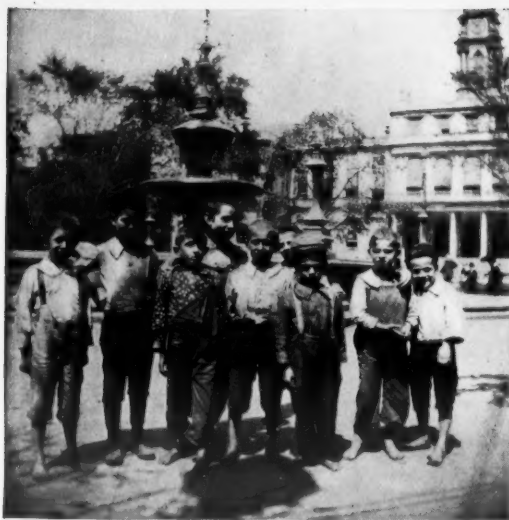
Gelee aux Figs. Charlotte a la Vanille.
Glaces de Fantaisie. Fruits. Bonbons.
Petits Fours. Devises.

Cafe.

VINS.

Chablis. Amontillado '34. Johannisberg.
Cliquot brut Olive. Romane Conti.
Moet et Chandon. Clos Vougeot.
Cliquot brut Rose. Vieux Porto.

A Delmonico has always been at the head of the house, and it is not improbable that the givers of swell functions will regard "Delmonico" as an authority on all matters gustatory quite as much in the dim future as they have in the distant past.



CHILDREN OF THE METROPOLIS.

BY

Wilbur Finley Fauley.



TO THE student of human nature, child life is as refreshing as the breath of the salty ozone; it is simple and sweet; a turning from mathematics to botany. To a matured life we look for complications in nature, the effect of circumstances, and all the petty dots and dashes that go to make up a mortal man. To a child we go for simplicity, faithfulness, originality, and all the human attributes that point toward the

sky. No matter how gruesome the swamp, the lily blooms pure white.

The study of child life in great cities is particularly interesting, on account of the many phases one comes in contact with, and New York certainly holds the palm in this respect. It is strange, but none the less true, that the metropolis is divided into neighborhoods, and the children of the metropolis mark the boundary lines. In the neighborhood of Fifth avenue and the fifties, child life seems almost extinct, as in other portions of the city, and if one really does see one, it is a sweet face smothered in furs, peeping from a carriage window, or a group of exquisitely gowned children, in company with a governess, on a morning saunter to Central Park. Three blocks eastward or westward will bring you into neighborhoods where the sound of childish voices rises above the rumble of the streets. In other parts the streets and sidewalks simply swarm with them; then, again, there are sections where a casual sprinkling of children bespeaks a quiet and refined neighborhood.

Constant outdoor life among the poorer class of children is much to be preferred, especially when one considers the homes in which they have to dwell. But the organized charities in New York have almost reached perfection, and when the limit of health and life is reached, they are ever ready to stave the fatal hand. Children huddling on the doorsteps, or sleeping in cosy corners of the street, now belongs to the misty past, yet rare instances are cited now and then. The parents of these poor children are much to





found in a tiny room on the top floor. The father seemed to be a shiftless fellow, the mother doing odds and ends where and when she could. Breakfast was on the table, consisting of a strange looking piece of meat and a stale loaf of bread. The children were a most pathetic sight, and they did not seem to understand that when the sun sank they would be hungry and homeless. The elder child was oiling her hair with a bit of butter, combing it leisurely by the breakfast table. Another child clung to its mother's ragged skirt, and the third, a mere baby, lay sucking its thumb in a rockerless cradle. The father sat moodily at the window, not knowing which way to look for succor. He owned absolutely nothing. As he meditated his plight the child began pulling at its mother's skirt. "I'm so hungie," it wailed in a pitiful voice. All at once the father started up and left the room, and as he did so, he turned to his wife, and said, "I will find work to-day." And he did. "I have children," is a reflection that saves many a man's heart from despair.

Someone has appropriately said that "children are the to-morrow of society." And in view of this startling fact, every possible effort is being put forth to educate the poorer children of the metropolis. The kindergartens are crowded with the tiny folk, and men and women are giving up their lives in the endeavor to mould these little lives, so that they may grow up worthy citizens of the second greatest city in the world.

Heroism among the children of the metropolis is of every day occurrence, among the rich as well as

blame, more so when it comes to the health of their offspring. They seem to be willing to sacrifice anything to keep their diseased children from the hospitals, and will snatch them up and hide at the sight of an ambulance, having the same sort of horror as an East Indian woman before her funeral pyre.

The writer was one to investigate a case of dispossession upon Monroe street during the hot months of last summer. It was a wretched tenement, and the house-keeper upon the second floor described the unfortunate family as "a low, lyin' lot." After groping up several flights of stairs, darkness and nauseating odors reigning supreme, the family was





the poor. One instance is known where a child performed a bit of heroism far beyond its years; not so much in the matter of life or death, but of the true and noble sentiment displayed.

A big tenement house on Hester street was ablaze, and the fire department was doing its utmost to quench the raging fire. The pumping of the enginesounded above the roar of the flames and the falling of the walls. The narrow street was packed with a sea of humanity, men and women standing pale in the light of the fire. The inmates had been hastily aroused, and it was evident that all were out of the reach of the greedy monster. All at once, however, the face of a child appeared at an upper window. It looked out terror-stricken, haloed with fire and smoke. A tall and strong fireman ran up the ladder, and reached the fourth floor. Every moment meant that much nearer death for himself and the child. The people held their breath.

As he gained the window the child, instead of casting herself into his arms, ran back into the room. She returned in a moment, carrying a doll trunk, which the fireman seized and flung from the window. He caught the child and sped down the ladder, and as he reached the pavement, the building toppled and fell with a crash.



The little girl was sobbing piteously. Her heart seemed almost broken.

"Are you hurt?" asked the fireman.

"I want my doll's trunk," the child sobbed.

The fireman gathered the fragments of the trunk together, and in the debris he found a piece of paper. There had been nothing else within it. The child had saved the deed of her dead mother's grave.

The children of the rich have their trials and tribulations as well as the poorer children, although to see one of these exquisite specimens of childhood taking a walk with its nurse, one might think that all was sunshine in their lives. They live as in a fairy story, dwelling in a great brownstone mansion, with dresses and hats for all occasions. They walk in the parks, ride in carriages, play with beautiful toys; and when summer comes, are taken to the cooling breezes of the mountain or the seashore. Still, they grumble at a rainy day when their poorer sister is sighing for a crust. But such is the inconsistency of human life. Some are born with a golden spoon in their mouth, while others are content with a pewter one. And thus the world moves on!

BROTHERS.*

BY

HAROLD R. VYNNE.



MEN MARVELLED how Nature could have produced the two brothers from the same mould—one stoop-shouldered, lowering in countenance, harsh and forbidding in demeanor; the other, tall, straight as an ash sapling, frank, sunny-eyed, happy, careless, indifferent, a constant smile on his face and a constant hand in his empty pocket—always gallant and audacious—typical gambler and spendthrift.

The older brother's voice was raucous with ill-nature, as he addressed himself to the other. "Why," demanded he, bitterly, "should I lend you more, robber, when you have nearly ruined me as it is?"

"Ruined you?" laughed the young man, insolently. "Everyone knows you are too rich to ever permit yourself to be ruined, Fédor. It would be impossible. Why should you lend me more? Simple enough, my brother—to secure yourself for that which is gone already. If you give me no more I can never pay you, by any chance. Advance me these thirty thousand florins that I ask and who knows but that I shall win it all back—all! every stiver, I say!—and pay you? Doesn't that tempt you, miser?"

"The same story, ingrate," grumbled the other. "You will never win. You will always be a beggar, and you will die in the gutter."

"Not I!" laughed the gamester, smoothing back his yellow curls foppishly; "I may die, true. But when I do so it will be gaily, brightly, as a gentleman should die—a knife-thrust or a shot, psst! zip! there you are!—with good meat in my vitals and a flask of Liebfraunmilch at my elbow. Beggary and the gutter? No; death shall reach me before either."

The older man looked at the younger fixedly from beneath his shaggy brows.

Once again he marked his beauty, the easy grace of his bearing, and the bitterness of his envy almost strangled him. He had listened to him carefully and knew it was no idle boast that he had made. His brother was a brave man. When it suited him to do so he would die as handsomely as he had lived, easily and with grace, without bite of conscience or sting of regret. The knowledge supplied an idea.

"Nicolas Dorfis!"—the shaggy brows contracted themselves cruelly—"supposing I were to advance you fifty thousand florins? What would you think?"

The scapegrace brother's blue eyes glittered. "That you had become very generous, my brother," he replied promptly, "and also that the loan would not be made without a condition of some sort."

"You are partly right," answered Fédor Dorfis, sternly. "Listen, boy. For years I have toiled while you have rioted. You have enjoyed all—light, laughter, happiness, love"—there was a sneering emphasis on the last word—"and I, nothing! I have given you money to squander on your wines, on your light-o'-loves and on your cards. You owe me nearly a quarter of a million florins. That money I must have—money is my love, my god, my idol, do you hear?" He shook his clenched fist at the young man savagely. "There are two ways in which you can pay me."

"Proceed."

"By your marriage, or by your death." The grizzled head of Fédor was bent forward in his eagerness and his hands trembled.

"Explain," commanded Nicolas, coldly.

"I will advance you these fifty thousand florins. You can try your fortune with them at the gaming tables. You

will lose. You always lose. You will, in the meantime, insure your life in my favor for three hundred thousand florins, taking care to insist on the insertion of a clause in the policy making it incontestable in case of the suicide of the insured. You will then search for an heiress whose fortune is large enough to pay my claim. If you find her, marry her; for that is your chance for life. If you fail, you must, one year from to-day, make away with yourself, and I shall receive the money from the insurance company. Do you agree?"

The young man had been scanning his brother's face with much amusement during this speech. He knew he was a miser, but the avarice that could prompt speculation on a brother's life was a little beyond his comprehension. However, it did not take him long to make up his mind. "I accept, of course," he cried gaily, springing to his feet; "it is a fair chance. I will take it. The fifty thousand, my loving brother. Hand them over!"

The rich man wrote out the check with trembling fingers. He hesitated a moment. "You will keep your word?" he asked, doubtfully.

The gamester drew himself erect and threw back his yellow head scornfully. "There is just one thing that can cause a quarrel between us, my brother," he said, "and that is a suspicion on your part that it is possible for me to violate a promise."

The disdain in his tones was immeasurable. His brother passed him the check without another word. Nicolas left.

In a week he was back again. He was pale and a trifle haggard, but his attire was as brave and his bearing as dauntless as ever. "Your fifty thousand florins are gone," he announced, simply.

His brother bowed. "I am not surprised," he answered, entirely without emotion.

"I suppose I may save myself the trouble of suggesting a further loan?" laughed Nicolas.

"You will not get another stiver," declared Fédor.

The twelve months had nearly passed. Fédor Dorflis, who was one of the

best known usurers in Vienna, had done many eccentric things in his life, but nothing had ever so astonished his associates as the piece of astounding folly of which he was guilty in his fifty-fourth year.

To be sure, the girl was the daintiest, most adorable creature imaginable. She had a form like a sylph and a face like a flower. She could sing, too, like a thrush, the long, sweet notes swelling out of her delicious white throat till the room in the rear of her father's dingy little tailor-shop seemed like some fairy bower with an enchanted song-bird caged in it. Tailor Kazarc was as poor as a rat, but he had a daughter as lovely as any princess in the land; and when he gave his consent to her marriage with old Dorflis, he of the gray beard and the fabulous riches, the neighborhood was not surprised. It was a splendid thing for Zelig, no doubt, though a score of dark-skinned young men, who earned small wages through much sweating of the brow, but who could love more fiercely than any usurer in his fifties, cast anything but kindly looks at the old man as he strode proudly back and forth, head erect and staff in hand, between his house and that of Kazarc, the tailor.

Now simple love had exercised upon this soured and heathenish old man an influence so benign that it had altered and remoulded his entire manner of regarding life. From the instant of his meeting with Zelig Kazarc—he had first seen her standing in the doorway of her father's shop, shading her eyes from the sun with one tiny, transparent hand, and he had devoutly praised God for the sight ever since!—he had realized the utter desolation of the years he had misspent in his avarice and solitude. And when a man of any age, in the full possession of his reasoning powers, surrenders thus far to the charms of a maid, the prospect of passing the rest of his life without her does not seem alluring. But Fédor Dorflis was rich and there was no need for him to languish. He had won Zelig without difficulty, it is true; but so mighty was his passion and so profound his worship of the exquisitely beautiful child that, as the time set for the wedding drew near, he vowed to himself that

he would not lose her for half his fortune.

As for Zélie, she seemed happy enough, though there was a wistful look in her big eyes at times. She was flattered by the thought of the great marriage she was making—what girl in her position would not have been? Besides, she was a dutiful daughter, and even if she had detested her elderly wooer, which was something she was very far from doing, she would no more have thought of disobeying her father than she would of running one of his big needles into her warm young heart.

But in his new and precious domain of happiness and pride, there was one thought that vexed the usurer most sorely. His great love had swept his heart clean of his inordinate greed for gold, and his memory of his unnatural compact with his brother troubled him. Nicolas had disappeared on the day he had told him of his loss of the fifty thousand florins, and the old man dreaded lest they should not meet again before the fatal day. He was now prepared to forgive his younger brother his debt outright, but could not find him to tell him so. Moreover, the situation was one of deadly peril. Nicolas, he knew, was a brave man and would keep his word. He, Féodor, was of course ashamed to speak of the matter to anyone. How could he dare tell that he had plotted to regain his 300,000 florins at the possible sacrifice of a brother's life? By a most singular and gruesome fatality Zélie had set the wedding-day for the 13th—the very day on which the scapegrace Nicolas had agreed to make restitution or pay forfeit with his life. The dual date was ominous. The usurer was a man of iron nerve, and not superstitious; but he felt that a calamity was impending.

And as if to justify his dread, he noticed, a week before the all-important day, that a change of some sort was stealing over Zélie. Her great, soft eyes, instead of regarding him frankly, as formerly, drooped before his own, and the red mouth quivered miserably and sought to escape when he lavished his kisses upon it. The girl spoke but little, and that little with an air of fear, or constraint, or both. There were tears in her eyes

very often, and instead of being content to sit—for an hour at a time, as she once had been, letting her tiny hand rest in her elderly lover's immense brown one while she permitted him to tell her of all he meant to do for her when she became mistress of all his riches, she developed a trick of running away and leaving him alone until it was nearly time for him to depart. Féodor Dorffis noticed these things, but he attributed them to maidenly delicacy and apprehension; which was natural enough.

But if he had been able to see further, and witness a pitiful scene that took place at the rear of the house on each of these last nights, after his own leave-taking, his dream would have been cruelly dispelled. At these times the girl leaned from the low window to sob her heart out on the breast of the young lover who had won it all too late. He was tall and richly dressed—as far above her in worldly station as the man she was to marry—but when did such a barrier as that stand long before a young girl's love? He was a new-comer, but his wooing had been of the tempestuous, desperate sort that some girls find irresistible. To Zélie Kazarc he was the fairy prince who had shown her the actualities of being; he had lifted her from the earth to heaven by changing the commonplace into the ideal. So—and ah, how many million times has it happened!—her heart was breaking for the love of the stranger with the low, soft voice and the eyes that had prayer as well as passion in them. And she was to go to the altar with Féodor Dorffis!

The light of supreme joy shone from the piercing eyes of Féodor Dorffis. It was the day of his wedding and he stood, fully dressed, before his mirror, contemplating with perhaps pardonable pride his well preserved and vigorous figure. The lines in his withered face had softened. Love had almost given him back his youth.

His happiness was the more perfect and complete for the reason that a cause for anxiety had been removed. He had heard from the absent Nicolas, who had sent him word through a friend, that he had heard of his approaching bliss and would be on hand to congratulate him and

"even up scores." The bridegroom smiled happily at this part of the message. He had resolved to forgive his brother the debt; or if he were too proud to accept a free gift of the money, to settle it on some girl whom he might marry. So warm-hearted a philanthropist had this usurer been made by love.

The overjoyed man glanced at his watch. A quarter to ten. He had not much time. Ah, a knock. The door opened and Nicolas Dorfis stalked into the room.

The older man's words of welcome died on his lips, for as he glanced at his brother, and noted that his beauty of face and form were unimpaired, he was smitten with a sense of the comparative meanness of his own appearance and his old hatred returned. Nevertheless he managed to smile faintly and to say, "well, brother?"

Nicolas, whose face was pale with the pallor of the dead, advanced a few steps and stationed himself, with folded arms, before his brother. "I sent you word," he said, in hard, dry tones, "that I should *even up scores to-day*. I am come to keep my word."

The inkling of some dire fate about to overtake him seemed to shoot across Fédor's soul. His lips grew white. "Proceed," he whispered.

"You have won your game with death," went on Nicolas, in his bitter, sneering voice, "you hated me more than you loved your money. You wished me dead, whether you had your money or no. Well, have your wish. I always keep my word. I have married no heiress. I cannot pay you in cash. Watch me pay you with my life."

He threw off his coat, tore his shirt open at the breast and drew a slender dagger from its sheath.

"Stop!" commanded Fédor, leaping forward; "you do not understand. I forgive—"

"Wait!" sneered Nicolas again, standing there with the weapon poised aloft, "you do not quite understand, my brother. Is it possible you thought that I was going to give you your way, with-

out reprisal of any kind? O, I assure you my reprisal is picturesque; nay, it is almost artistic. I thought that as I had to die, I would secure for myself some hours of happiness first and at the same time pamper my love for the grotesque by punishing you in a most ingenious and original manner. And so you would have taken a bride—you!" He laughed immoderately.

A great fit of nervous trembling came upon his brother at the words. He spoke quaveringly, like a frightened child: "What madman's tale is this?"

"You have my life," said the younger man insolently, "I have your bride. We were married last night. It was a hard struggle, but I won. I die, and I leave you—my widow. How do you like my reprisal, O, my brother?"

While he had been speaking, the countenance of the usurer had slowly frozen into a glare of deadliest hate. Before it, even the sturdy heart of the braggart Nicolas quailed. The dagger dropped from his hand to the floor.

Fédor Dorfis picked it up. "Coward! Beast!" he raved, "I will finish your task for you!" He rushed forward, with the bright blue blade upraised. Nicolas saw the movement and recognized the justice of it. He closed his eyes and turned his head, awaiting the blow dumbly.

For the fraction of an instant the old Hungarian Jew stood still, as though carved in bronze. He looked like an avenging god. The sound of an opening door caused him to look back, his arm still raised.

The girl Zelig stood on the threshold, white-faced and terrified. The man she had betrayed regarded her compassionately.

From the livid lips of Nicolas Dorfis came a growl: "Curse you, why do you not strike?"

A sigh and the sound of a fall answered him. He opened his eyes and looked. His brother had stabbed himself to the heart and pretty Zelig stood over the body, sobbing.



THE BAR SINISTER.

His Sister—So she rejected you, did she?

Phil Pot—N-not exactly. When I told her I loved her for all I was worth, she asked me what were my assets.

BOARDING-HOUSE APOTHEGMS.

There are two ways to overcome resistance. One of our boarders tips the chambermaid, another kisses her.

The quiet man surrounds the most food.

In our boarding-house we have one boarder who talks so much he doesn't eat, another who eats so much he doesn't talk. Both have indigestion.

It is a tough steak that balks a hash-chopper.

Our landlady has more respect for the man who pays his bill promptly than for the slow payer who attends church regularly.

A thin blanket is better than no bed.

Life is full of disappointments. I knew a humorist who wept because our butter was good.

The man who rooms on the top floor isn't always the nearest heaven.

If the first floor front upsets his sauce it is a regrettable accident; if the fifth floor hall room upsets his, it is outrageous carelessness.

Sorrows never come singly, and ham and eggs are always hand in hand.

I receive my salary and pay my board bill on the same day, yet the latter seems to arrive much more frequently.

The woman who can successfully run a boarding-house is as great in her sphere as Napoleon was in his.

Landladies' ideas of comfortable temperature vary with the price of coal.

Flirting with a waitress is no crime. Self-preservation is the first law of nature.

It is the man who boards that brags loudest about his wife's cooking.

People who can't hear an alarm clock are usually the first to hear the dinner gong.

Let me select the pastry cook and I care not who runs the drug store.

Ellis Parker Butler.



Grandmother sat at her spinning wheel
 In the dusk of the long ago,
 And listened with scarlet dyeing her cheeks,
 For the step she had learned to know.
 A courtly lover was he who came,
 With frill and ruffle and curl—
 They dressed so queerly in the days
 When Grandmother was a girl!

"Knickerbockers," they called them then.
 When they spoke of the things at all—
 Grandfather wore them, buckled and trim,
 When he sallied forth to call.
 Grandmother's eyes were youthful then—
 His "guiding stars," he said;
 While she demurely watched her wheel
 And spun with a shining thread.

Frill and ruffle and curl are gone
 But the "knickers" are with us yet—
 And so is love and the spinning wheel,
 But we ride it now—you bet!
 In Grandfather's knickers I sit and watch
 For the gleam of a lamp afar;
 And my heart still turns, as theirs, methinks,
 To my wheel and my guiding star.

—Daisy Turner.



Too Big To Carry.

Golringski (angrily)—I vant you to keep your nose out uf
 mein beesness!

Bigbeakski (apologetically)—But, Jakey, I must pud id
 somevere.

Only Summer Work.

Toyle Knott—I kain't
 git work, mum, at my per-
 fession in the winter time.

Lady—What is your pro-
 fession?

Toyle Knott—I am a roof
 gardener, mum.



The Way It Is Used.

Brown-Jones—What an
 ugly looking machine a
 typewriter is.

Jones-Brown—You don't
 look at the machine, you
 look at the girl.

THE TOWER OF SILENCE.*

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

IYIMA KERESASPA, humble follower of our lord, Zarathustra, came from beautiful Yazd, in Persia, to Bharoch; in Gujerat, on a matter of business for my uncle, a prosperous merchant of my native place, who dealt in Indian cotton. Having successfully accomplished my mission, I paused on my homeward journey to deliver a letter of introduction to a friend of my uncle's, one Sayuzdri, a *mobed* (priest of the middle order), of our sect, the Shenshai, resident in Bombay.

Arrived in the city, I wandered to the Parsi settlement on beautiful Back Bay beach. The situation was delightful. On my right, one of the two chains of mountains whose rocky shoulder support the island of Bombay, terminated in picturesque Malabar Hill; on my left, the blue waves of the bay rippled in the sunlight along the rocky coast.

Becoming somewhat heated with my walk, I reclined on a rustic seat in the shade of a jungle of palms and allowed my eyes to take in the landscape beauties spread out before them. I was suddenly aroused by hearing a long-drawn sigh. Turning quickly I saw, not far distant, the most beautiful woman it has ever been my lot to behold.

She was a type of our women, but, oh! it was an idealized type, excelling in all the graces. Her face was wondrous fair, her form delicately rounded in the full blossom of its development, and her hands were small and shapely.

Her eyes were large, lustrous and dark and looked out over the sea with a sadness and melancholy that pierced my heart. Instinctively I arose and approached her. She looked up, startled, and then the fear fled from her eyes and the light that filled them flashed into my soul and intoxicated me with the first draught of love.

"Forgive me," I said, when my entranced lips had finally opened for speech. "I heard you sigh and was surprised that so much of sorrow and of beauty should be found together."

"Comeliness," she answered, in a soft voice, "is no armor against sadness, nor is purity of heart a protection from the wiles of the evil-minded. However, it is not meet that I should pass words with a stranger, albeit so gentle and so kindly spoken."

She discreetly veiled her face with the folds of silk that hung down over her left arm and turned away.

"Ah, fair one," I murmured, "deign me yet a moment! I come from afar and am seeking the priest, Sayuzdri——"

"You know him?" she cried, turning upon me with sparkling eyes, the veil partially dropping away.

"I have that which insures me his friendship," I made answer.

"He is an old friend of my uncle's who lives in distant Yazd."

"He is a good man," she said, slowly; "a faithful friend to me. There is his house, yonder."

She pointed to the peak of a dwelling, just visible through the trees.

"When you go to him," she continued, "tell him that it was Ardvi Navazza who directed you, unhappy Ardvi who directed——"

"Yima Keresaspa," I answered, in a rapture of happiness.

"Even so," she responded, again sadly, as she replaced the silken folds over her face.

She paused before parting and then extended her small hand. I caught it and pressed it to my lips. I would have held it but she drew away and disappeared from my sight.

Peerless, unhappy Ardvi! From that moment I loved her with my very soul.

I found Sayuzdri, delivered my letter and was received by him as his son. It may well be imagined that I lost no time in approaching the subject nearest my heart.

"I was directed here, reverend Sayuzdri, by a beautiful maiden who bade me tell you that it was Ardvi, the unhappy, who had performed the service."

"Poor Ardvi," he murmured; "victim of the Daevas!"

"How!" I cried. "What mean you, reverend one?"

He looked at me sharply.

"Is it not written thus: 'I confess myself a worshipper of Mazda, a follower of Zarathustra, one who hates the Daevas and obeys the laws of Ahura?'"

"Yea," I returned, "it is so written. But of Ardvi, the beautiful—what of her?"

His sharp eyes were still bent upon me.

"Two weeks from to-morrow," he said, "I shall light the lamp of incense at the house of the bride and there repeat the nuptial benediction. It is two weeks from to-morrow. The astrologer has consulted the stars and that is the day."

"And the bride is——"

"Ardvi!"

I groaned and sank into a chair, covering my face with my hands.

"Ah, it were better," cried the good priest, raising his hands aloft, "that I performed the rights of the dead and bore away her corpse to the dakhma there to be a prey to the vultures that are waiting!"

"Say not so!" I exclaimed, starting up; "surely, if the maiden's heart has not found its choice this unholy union will not be consummated?"

"You know not what you say," he replied. "The bridegroom-to-be is a man of wealth, but characterless. Ardvi's father is dead and she is in the care of those eager to be rid of her."

"I love her!" I declared. "Let me steal her away this very night. We will take ship for Persia and there, in my native place, we will live happily."

"You speak with the fire and folly of youth," he returned, calmly; "you love

Ardvi with a passion born of the moment."

"But which yet shall endure for all time."

"And she," he went on, "did she declare her love for you before you had passed ten words together?"

"Alas!" I answered, with drooping head, "I know not whether my passion finds favor in her sight. But it was not her part, in view of her approaching nuptials, to pass loving words with another."

"And that other a stranger," he said, forcibly. "Do not misunderstand me, Yima. I do not frown upon your love, although the suddenness of its awakening furnishes grave doubts of its constancy. Come to me a week hence. In the meantime, I will see Ardvi and if she gives her consent to a plan I have long thought of, and you are still of the same mind, something shall be done."

I caught his hands in both my own.

"But," he added, "you are not to see her again until the culmination of our plot, if so it is to be."

Sorely against my will I consented and went away.

At the end of the week I returned, but Sayuzdri had not been successful and held forth little hope; at the same time, he directed me to call upon him again in a few days. Once more I called and, this time, the good man met me with a smiling face, invoking upon me the blessings of Ormuzd, through our master, Zarathustra.

"You have seen Ardvi?" I asked, eagerly.

"I have seen her," he replied, "and if you have courage equal to the passion you profess, all may yet be well."

"My courage, as well as my passion, reverend one," I made answer, "will bear the test of any trial. Who would not love Ardvi and dare the world for her sake?"

"Headstrong words, my son; and yet, I have observed you well. You come of a good stock. Ardvi is not insensible to the love you profess, even though she might be tempted to doubt its constancy because of its sudden awakening. Listen, Yima! A great and terrible thing is that which we are about to do. If our plot prospers, and I unite your fate with that

of Ardvi, it may transpire that you have wrongly read your heart and that misery will be visited upon you both. Do not speak! I know what you would say," and thereupon he bowed his head and solemnly recited the prayer beginning, 'And now in these thy dispensations, O Ahura Mazda! do thou wisely act for us,' etc."

The prayer over, Sayuzdri continued:

"There is a drug, my son, whose effect is to throw the one who partakes of it into a trance so like unto death that the wisest cannot detect a sign of life. To-day, Ardvi partakes of this drug and to-night she will seemingly die. In the morning, I will perform the funeral obsequies, the *nassesalars* will bear the body away to Malabar Hill, and the stone of parting and from thence you, disguised as a priest and assisted by a young priest who is faithful to me, will carry it to the dakhma."

"How is it possible for us to usurp the offices of the regular attendants of the dakhma?" I queried.

"I have some power and influence among the faithful," answered Sayuzdri, with dignity. "What I have done is neither a profanation nor a dishonor. Once within the dakhma, you will apply to Ardvi the restoratives with which I shall provide you; then you will wait within the stone walls for night to come so that you may return to this house under cover of darkness. Here will I perform the marriage rites and immediately thereafter a boat will carry you to a ship in the bay which is on the eve of sailing for Persia."

Overcome with joy, I fell upon my knees at the reverend man's feet and he laid his hands upon my head and invoked upon me the blessings of the Most High.

That night I remained in the house of Sayuzdri. In the morning, he hurried me into one of the white linen suits worn by the priests. As an additional precaution, my face was partially covered with one fold of the cloth that formed the head-dress. After this, I set out without delay for the dakhma, assured by my priestly patron that I would not be interfered with and that the only priest I would meet would be the one who was to act as my confederate.

I shall never forget that morning on Malabar Hill, the strangeness of the adventure fixing each scene and incident upon my mind with an intensity which makes everything as vivid to-day as it was then, a score of years ago.

The rising sun was just throwing its beams over the crests of the Bhor-Ghauts and painting the eastern sky with gorgeous tropical hues. Masses of clouds, edged with gold, hung tremulous in the vault, farther towards the zenith, and the purple glow in the west faded into violet and then into gray. At my feet stretched the waters of beautiful Back Bay and beyond stood the Fort, overtopped by the forest of masts in the harbor. On my right were the villas and gardens of Malabar; on my left, the shadows of the coconut trees where the Native Town lay hidden; in front of me was the Tower of Silence, stark and rugged amid the tall fan-palms whose tops bent beneath the weight of flocks of the sacred bird of Ormuzd—the fine, brown vulture.

"Ardvi," I murmured, as I betook myself slowly towards the dakhma, "is to be saved from a fate worse than death, but our love is to gain its full fruition only through this temple of the dead!"



"Peerless, unhappy Ardvi!"



"The vultures swooped down upon my enemy and attacked him beak and talon."

blessing of Ormuzd was upon me and, while still on my knees at the dead man's side, I offered up my thanks in quick but earnest words.

Returning to Ardvi, I hastily applied the restoratives which I had brought. The vultures did not annoy us, the lifeless form of the Hindu claiming their attention, and I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my beloved one open her bright eyes and gaze up into my face.

"Yima," she whispered, "your love is indeed great since you dare so much for me. I will endeavor to prove myself worthy of it."

With these words she arose and pressed her lips to my bleeding forehead.

That night, as Ardvi and I, hand in hand, descended Malabar Hill, we saw below us a number of dull fires—funeral pyres of the Hindus, who are addicted to the awful custom of burning their dead, and instinctively we pressed closer to each other, feeling within our hearts how

love had cheated death bringing the faithful to their own.

We found Sayuzdri pacing the floor of his dwelling, greatly wrought up. The young priest who was to have been my confederate had visited him but a short time before our arrival and had told of being bound hand and foot, in his own home, by a trio of Hindus, one of whom had donned his sacred habit and repaired to the dakhma. The good man heard my story with satisfaction and thankfulness and commended my future days to the care of Ormuzd. How the Hindu, who had met his fate in the Tower of Silence, became possessed of our secret, remains unknown to Sayuzdri and myself, even unto this day.

Within a few hours after returning to the home of the good priest, Ardvi and I had been joined in wedlock according to the sacred rites of our religion and we then took ship for Persia, arriving in due time in safety at Yazd.

Ardvi, I had learned, was the daughter of a Parsi mother and an English officer. Her father was dead and her mother had been married again, this time to a Parsi who forced Ardvi to bear his name. The unfortunate girl was not esteemed in her home as a daughter should be, and she was to be married to a wealthy Hindu, a notorious character in Bombay. As to this alliance, Ardvi had had little to say. Everything had been arranged by her step-father. The Parsis have a law forbidding intermarriages with the natives, but in Ardvi's case it was considered that Parsi laws did not apply. Poor girl! What wonder that, in order to escape the unhappy influences that surrounded her, she was willing to resort to any measure, however desperate?

At the dakhma I was met by a tall figure, hooded in white linen, and was asked if I were the young Persian? I replied in the affirmative and would have spoken further but the priest laid a finger on his lips and made a gesture which plainly said that he understood all. As we stood there, I looked below and saw the *nasse-salars* ascending toward us bearing the supposed corpse of Ardvi. Before them walked Sayuzdri; behind them came the cortege.

"They have reached the stone of parting," said my companion; "we must descend and meet them."

My nerves tingled with excitement as we advanced toward the waiting group, raised the bier and bore it into the dakhma. Already were the vultures flapping their wings and flying toward the Tower.

Within, the Tower of Silence is divided into three tiers, not one above the other, but radiating outward from the centre. Each tier is covered with iron gratings and the floor below is sprinkled with lime. The inner tier is for the bodies of children, the second for women and the third for men.

After laying our insensible burden down upon the grating, I drew the spotless covering from Ardvi's face.

"Is she not beautiful?" I murmured, all the passion of my soul surging to the surface.

As I bent over the form of my loved

one, I felt a sudden and strong pressure about my neck and was drawn forcibly backward and cast upon the lime-strewn floor of the Tower. For a moment, astonishment paralyzed my limbs even as my tongue, because of the gripping at my throat, clove to the roof of my mouth. My eyes stared upward and I saw a demoniacal face bending over me. It was my supposed confederate! He now disclosed, beneath his white linen vestments, the garb of a Hindu. Upon my breast he placed his heavily-shod foot and twisted with unmerciful strength the folds of the *roomal* which he had cast about my head.

"By the goddess Bhowanee," he hissed, "I will strangle the life from your body! You thought to trick me out of my prize, but you shall not. You shall die and Ardvi will be mine! I have sworn it!"

How had all this come to pass? As I lay there, helpless and slowly choking to death, I wondered vaguely what had gone wrong with Sayuzdri's plans. I gave up all thoughts of life and resigned myself to my fate but, suddenly, there came a rush of beating wings and the vultures swooped down upon my enemy and attacked him beak and talon. He was obliged to use his hands in fighting them off and this caused him to release me.

As I sprang up I heard a cry of anguish and rage, and through the legion of flapping wings and brown bodies I saw the bleeding face of the Hindu. He ran madly toward the centre of the dakhma, tripped, fell and plunged wildly against one of the grated tiers. Then I understood. The vultures had blinded him! Cursing and groaning, the sightless wretch again rushed forward impetuously, stumbled as before and dashed himself headforemost against the wall of the Tower. Falling to the floor, he lay silently, with the vultures hovering about him.

Throwing one arm across my face, I hurried forward and fought off the infuriated birds while I knelt a moment at the Hindu's side. My amazement was great when I discovered that he was dead. In his headlong plunge against the rocky wall he had slain himself. Surely, the

BELIEF IN BUDDHA.

"I'm jolly, youthful, gay and all that,
And I wear my hair in a braid.
I know no more than how to spell 'cat,'
But I'm dangerous, still I'm afraid;
For I know you—Oh, you men!"

DAINTY DOLLY PAUNCE was singing the lively ditty, of which this is the refrain, in three parts of the metropolis every evening, and four parts of the impressible youth of the city were singing it after each meal and before retiring, as the doctor's prescription reads. Cards and flowers occupied half her hansom each night as she rode to her modest home uptown. She threw the cards into the grate with a half-sighed prayer that men be born with more sense and that engraving were not so cheap. The flowers she allowed to die in her over-heated parlor without a shadow of compunction.

Dolly had been working long and hard enough to be convinced that her success would last just about so many swift years, even with the best of tendance. So she scrupulously saved her princely salary against the days of the sere and yellow leaf, when, perhaps, the same cards and flowers should be flung nightly at the twinkling toes of another Dolly.

One dismal, raw night, being in melancholy mood, Dolly read her batch of cards in a spell of curiosity. She had not done this since the early days, now a good while past, when there were only two or three. To her amazement she found that three of them bore the same name, Clarence Lowderidge.

"The goose must have followed me from one place to the other," she thought, with a fine curve of scorn on her pretty mouth.

Again the next night—she tried to tell herself it was force of habit—she read the cards of her admirers. Again she found Clarence Lowderidge thrice represented. On one of his cards she read these pencilled words:

"I have worshipped thee for thirty nights, thrice the night. 'Tis equivalent to three months' devotion. Is this not religion? Thy adorer, C. L."

"The impudence of the fellow! I'll

give him a lesson in religion and that on next Sunday morning, if I live," she snapped out to the consternation of her Angora, stamping her little foot in its satin slipper.

She sat down at her writing-table and scribbled off a few words, which were posted the next morning to the address on the card.

Sunday morning at eleven precisely, Clarence Lowderidge appeared before Dolly Paunce. He was tall, thin and pale. His clothes were not too new and his yellow hair needed trimming. But when he stammered by way of introduction that he wrote for a living and was purely and intensely literary, Dolly excused his hair and his attire.

He was just about to start upon his religion tack when Dolly stopped him in amazement by asking:

"Mr. Lowderidge, do you believe in Buddha?"

"Madam," replied the literary youngster dreamily, "not to believe in Buddha would be to mistrust you?"

"That settles it," ground out the pretty soubrette with a very unsoubret-tish grimace; and she proceeded to lay the lash of her quick tongue unmercifully upon her adorer.

"I go away heart-broken," he murmured when she had finished her tirade, "but with faith unshaken. A day will come when you will be kinder to me and not send me off like the stern yet adorable churl, who refuses the beggar the glass of water."

"Belinda," Dolly called to her maid, who was passing through the hall at this moment, "hand Mr. Lowderidge a glass of water. Good morning, sir."

Ten years later Mr. Clarence Lowderidge, the most successful and blood-curdling melodramatist of the decade, was speeding along a lonely country road on

his bicycle. His last six months of labor, worry and sleeplessness had resulted in the greatest melodrama within the recollection of the critics—and the worst. But it caught the crowd and Mr. Lowderidge was endeavoring to recuperate his spent energies far from the busy haunts of men.

The dust rose in clouds, parching his throat, and he was fain to alight before a rather shabby cottage in the endeavor to buy a glass of milk or cider. A fat, short woman came out as she heard the gate slam behind him. She was not a ravishing, but a decidedly healthy creature; and her homely features seemed to grow upon him in interest despite the unmentionable state of her kitchen apron. Mr. Lowderidge asked for the milk and received the enormous bowl of cream from her blowzed hands with an inward shudder. He offered to pay for it and the dame took his quarter and made

him change to the sum of fifteen cents in a jiffy.

"Is this the quickest road to Corham?" Mr. Lowderidge asked as he stepped outside of the gate and prepared to remount.

"That's what it is, young man," replied the dame, in an ear-piercing twang; and with the next breath she drawled in sing-song:

"I'm jolly, youthful, gay and all that,
And I wear my hair in a braid——"

But Mr. Clarence Lowderidge waited to hear no more. He shot up the incline of the road as though pursued by a spirit, meanwhile making an internal note of another character for his comedy-drama of country life.

When he reached the summit of the climb, he glanced back with a sigh of relief and muttered:

"Thank Heavens, I once believed in Buddha!"

The State of Affairs.

The Great American Novel—I have not been written yet.

The Great American Play—I was written long ago and am in the desk of a manager—but I'll never be read.

A Prompt Response.

Publisher (writing to eminent author)—I enclose check for one hundred dollars, for which please send us at once something short and snappy.

Eminent Author (replying)—I forward by express to-day one turtle, which I think will fill your requirements. Many thanks for check.

An Embarrassing Situation.

Bosom Friend—But you were surely prepared for your aged husband's sudden demise.

Young Widow—Yes; oh, yes.

Bosom Friend—Then why do you take it so hard?

Young Widow—Well, you see, he left me all his wealth, but his sons declare they will contest the will. Now I'm unable to decide whether to marry my lawyer or the lawyer for the other side.



The Golden Opportunity.

Mr. Pompus—I am wholly a self-made man.

Miss Pert—Too bad you made such an awful mistake.

Mr. Pompus—How—what?

Miss Pert—In not selecting better raw material.

LETTERS TO JUSTINA.

OF BOOKS AND BOOK-PEOPLE.

MY DEAR JUSTINA:—

I should dearly love to scribble off every sheet of my very inexpensive pad, were not time a most importunate consideration. Thus, I must set directly at the matter in hand, which is to give you my latest quarry of news about books and their makers, their doings and undoings and all that partaketh of them and theirs, as is the fashion in these unliterary days. To be sure, you may cast my letter into the grate after reaching this, believing, with some show of reason, that it cannot be worth reading to you who are so profoundly classical and unmercenary of your cherished gift, though you do not call it art, with a big initial letter. But bide thy sweet patience for an instant and bear with me in my rambles.

Poems.
By
Stephen Phillips.

First, and most important of anything I have had to tell you for many days, are the Poems by 'Stephen Phillips (John Lane), which have been crowned by the *Academy* with a prize of *one hundred guineas*. Think of it! Such a *bonus* for a thin little volume of 108 pp. But, then, when one begins to grasp the contents, the most begrudging cannot envy the poet his prize. There is real poetry in the volume—that is, lines in metre and verse that have music, passion and imagination. To be sure, the critics are in a mad scramble over the volume, resembling nothing so much as two wild-eyed college elves in compact conflict on top of the ball. To my own insignificant self these Poems have brought much pleasure—and perhaps profit. I had begun to think that our generation would not behold a seer to wear the laurel of Tennyson. Of course, Stephen Phillips, is very, very far removed from the grandeur and glory of the late laureate's best works. What I prefer to say is that it is a boon to note the true ring in the

younger man's lines; and if he can only be kept devout to his muse and avoid the snare of the pot-boiler, we have much to expect from him.

I am enclosing a few lines on a separate sheet, which I have copied for you:

"By the Sea."

"Remember, ah, remember, how we walked
Together on the sea cliff! You were come
From bathing in the ocean, and the sea
Was not yet dry upon your hair; together
We walked in the wet wind till we were far
From voices, even from the thoughts of men.
Remember how on the warm beach we sat
By the old barque, and in the smell of tar;
While the full ocean on the pebbles dropped,
And in our ears the intimate low wind
Of noon, that breathing from some ancient place,
Blew on us merest sleep and pungent youth.
So deeply glad he grew that in pure joy
Closer we came; your wild and wet dark hair
Slashed in my eyes your essence and your sting.
We had no thought; we troubled not to speak;
Slowly your head fell down upon my breast,
In the soft breeze the acquiescing sun;
And the sea bloom, the color of calm wind,
Was on your cheek; like children then we kissed,
Innocent with the sea and pure with air;
My spirit fled into thee. The moon climbed,
The sea foamed nearer, and we two arose;
But, ah, how tranquil from that deep embrace!
And with no sadness from that natural kiss:
Beautiful indolence was on our brains,
And on our limbs, as we together swayed,
Between the luminous ocean and dark fields.
We two in vivid slumber without haste,
Returned; while veil on veil the heaven was bared;
And a new glory was on land and sea.
And the moist evening fallow, richly dark,
Sent up to us the odor cold of sleep,
The infinite sweet of death; so we returned,
Delaying ever, calm companions,
Peacefully slow beside the moody heave
Of the moon-brilliant billow to the town."

I will not ask you to hear my opinion, dear Justina, if I can be sure, as I am, that you give this a careful reading. M. quarrels with the expression, "the acquiescing sun;" counts it obscure and strained. I am inclined to admire such poetic daring. How significant of the low and gorgeously painted west, with the

great "eye of day" sinking down *ad quietem!*

In passing, I may call your attention to a ludicrous blunder of a London critic, who found this passage quite unworthy the poet's other effusions. Let me give this keen-eyed criticaster's words:

"... Mr. Phillips indulging himself in contradictory details. First of all the wind is described as "wet;" a little later as "intimate low," in which character it blows "merest sleep and pungent youth"—very dissimilar attributes to bestow at one and the same time surely—upon the lovers, Etc., Etc."

I am confident I need not point out to you in just what this carper has made himself ridiculous. Yet don't lose time on the critics, but again to the poet in the following lines, which I cannot deny you:

"How wonderful in a bereavéd ear
The Northern Wind; how strange the summer night,
The exhaling earth to those who vainly love.
Out of our sadness have we made the world
So beautiful; the sea sighs in our brain,
And in our heart the yearning of the moon.
To all this sorrow was I born, and since
Out of a human womb I came, I am
Not eager to forgo it; I would scorn
To elude the heaviness and take the joy,
For pain came with the sap, pangs with the bloom:
This is the sting, the wonder."

Or this, in rhyme, from "The Wife."
"The Wife" is going out to get money
for bread for her sick husband by the
sale of herself. The child of her womb
restrains her for a moment:

"But at the door a moment did she quail,
Hearing her little son behind her wail;
Who, waking, stretched his arms out to her wide,
And, softly, "Mother, take me with you," cried;
For he would run beside her, clasping tight
Her hand, and lag at every window bright,
Or near some stall beneath the wild gas flare,
At the dim fruit in ghostly bloom would stare.
Toward him she turned, and felt her bosom swell
Wildly; he was so young, almost she fell,
Yet took him up, and, to allay his cries,
Smiled at him with her lips, not with her eyes."

In the morning she returns with bread
and finds her husband a corpse. And
then in that murky, horrible dawn—

"Mother and child that food together ate."

In Kedar's Tents.
By
Henry Seton Merriman.

The author of "The
Sowers" has been at
more pains to tell a
dramatic story in this
novel than to point a moral. Yet he
had a moral, and a most admirable one

to begin with. Frederick Conyngham, the hero, struck me at first view as a reincarnate Sydney Carton, minus Carton's weaknesses. Conyngham takes the onus of a fugitive from justice, who has killed a gentleman's son in a Chartist row. The quick sketching of the Chartists' attack on Sir John Pleydell's house, of the gallant defence of his unarmed diners and servants led by the knight's courageous heir, in which he dies, is deftly and pathetically done. The scene in Conyngham's chambers in the Temple, where the briefless barrister tells the desperate and remorseful Horner, the murderer, that he will step into his shoes and flee the country, is full of action and power. But once Conyngham leaves his native earth, he seems, Antaeus-like, to lose his power. He walks through a series of adventures with all the grace and almightiness of the average melodramatic hero. Once, indeed, he allows a man to stab him in the back conveniently, but otherwise he maintains the tenor of his uneven way unscathed. The reader's interest in the Chartists is abruptly replaced by a curiosity into the Carlist affairs in Spain. The Spanish characters of this new scene are rather stagey than human, and the narrative assumes a jerky and quick-curtain complexion which points emphatically to "serial publication." Happily, the author has a cunning knack of saying things worth remembering and repeating. His chapter-heads also show ample resource in the field of proverb and quotation, though a tiresome habit of using these more than once for the same purpose might well be discouraged. In fine, dear Justina, "In Kedar's Tents" is not an ill-written or a dull book. It can be hardly called an artistic achievement, compared to some of the masterpieces of adventure that you have on your shelves; but you cannot afford to neglect it, if you would have an eye upon those writers of to-day who have a certain patronage.—(DODD, MEAD & CO.)

"The Way of Fire"
is a story written
By
Helen Blackmar Maxwell, with an avowed purpose, and that, the status of the Eurasian among the English in India. The author makes no pretence to a literary style, or at least shows none.

Neither does she prove herself too facile in the mechanism of a novel. The tale runs along apparently at will, like a brook, which petty obstructions impede but do not dam. A doctor at Kaiserpur, India, has espoused a woman of Eurasian extraction, in the days of his youth and poverty. He has the fortune to heal a native potentate of a distressing malady; and thus secures an enviable position and income. His wife is taken with smallpox. He isolates her and his child. While caring for her, the contrast of his own reputation and station against her inferior breeding and the loss of her beauty, chills his heart. He returns to Kaiserpur, having shown sufficiently to his wife how little she is to him. He has no desire ever to revisit her, although he contributes to her support. She is proud and stifles the yearnings of her bosom. At Kaiserpur he meets and is conquered by Helen Sunderland, a strong, beautiful and fascinating Englishwoman, whom I should class with Marion Holcombe of "The Woman in White." Helen Sunderland reciprocates the tender inclinations of the doctor, maintaining, meanwhile, a well-poised restraint. By the mere gabble of a domestic she learns that he has a wife and child. Straightway she does more than even the most admirable woman can do in renouncing the man she loves. She endeavors to reinstate his wife with him. This she contrives to do in a fashion as unusual as it is successful. The happy conclusion is brought about, however, only by such slow and secure steps, as leaves the reader perfectly convinced of the durability of the new love springing phoenix-like upon the ashes of the old. "The Way of Fire" is an instructive and refining novel rather than a fascinating one. Where it fails to enthrall, it moves us to pity or sympathy. Can I offer you a better motive to read it?

Bye-Ways.
By
Robert S. Hichens.

You remember, do you not, Justina, that when I sent you "The Green Carnation," so long ago, it seems now, you refused to go farther than the fourth chapter. I have never sent you "Flames," a story of similar kidney, by the same author; but I pray you examine this his

latest volume, if only to read a delightful burlesque of the type, which was treated in "The Green Carnation" with apparent seriousness. 'Tis a mere sketch, but of such humor and point at the author's supposedly personal 'scutcheon, that I tittered from the first line, till almost the last. The ending,—well read "A Boudoir Boy" and judge for yourself. "The Charmer of Snakes" is a weird and fascinating tale of the transformation of a woman into a serpent. Strange and wild as the theme may seem at first glance, you need but to come under the spell of this author's superfine style, his masterly handling of color and dramatic effect, to read with the avidity of a youngster over his first volume of Grimm or Hans Andersen. There are several good stories in this volume of vague title, but I would have you read these two without fail. You will find a surer touch than in his earlier work and less hot-house morbidity.

A
Home for
Authors.

You have not forgotten, I assume, the amusing rustic of Barrie, who would

have founded a home for authors, especially for such ill-fated giants as "braw Bobby Burns." The sole objection he could find to this scheme once placed in the hands of a millionaire philanthropist, would be to discern the meritorious. An English lady of title has quite cleared this stumbling block by proposing an institution for indigent and invalid scribes, into which no self-respecting footman could enter. The conditions for entrance are: the postulant must defray his expenses both ways; he must pay five dollars a week during his stay and must leave all his dogs at home. To begin with, dear Justina, I should hate to be obliged to pay my fare even to Boston at the present moment, not to mention Cannes. For the weekly sum required above, I can live in all the dignity and dyspepsia of a middle-class boarding house and have the landlady's silent homage, because I owe her nothing. Finally, I cannot support dogs, except in the country, and I would never undertake the responsibility of owning and caring for one of my own. Yours ever,

Chris.



Photo Bassano.

MISS ADA REHAN AS VIOLA IN "*Twelfth Night*."

THE THEATRE.

TO ADA REHAN.

THE critic's quill doth run athirst full soon
In imaging thy perfect mirth and charm,
The carper's barb doth dullen as a spoon
Besot to work thy glorious 'scutcheon harm.
What boots it prating beauty of the rose?
To like to heaven's lute the lark's sweet note?
Or praise the port and grace Diana shows;
Nor yet in cavil sniff the proverb' mote?
Perfection's never perfect in this sphere;
But when it nears the zenith's fulgent glow,
As seen in thy surpassing gift or art:
The humbler mortal marvels from below,
What god inspired this pow'r beyond the sage
In thee the "light and sweetness" of our stage!

FEW melodramas have exploited so large a number of famous and finished actors and actresses as "The White Heather," which has been crowding the Academy of Music for several months. What is more the women of the piece form a bevy of exceptional beauty. OLIVE MAY is not by any means the least of these, and those good looks and that talent which has secured for her such unstinted praise on former appearances are far from failing her in the present instance.

AMELIA BINGHAM is another beautiful and clever woman in the cast of "The White Heather." Indeed, her playing in this production is the event of her career thus far; and she must look upon this conquest with just a faint smile at the pranks Fate plays with us. Only a few weeks before she commenced studying the lines of *Marion Hume* she had been doing the hardest and most thankless of work in the gorgeous but ill-starred production of "Nature." Here the moralist might point a lesson to those who would rush into stage ventures in the hope of gaining



OLIVE MAY.

Photo See & Epler.

enormous profits. De Verna, the maker of "Nature," for its mechanical effects were of more real importance than its text, had labored upon his scheme for two score years. At last, after enormous toil and expense, the production was almost ready for the keen critical spectator, who lays his price of admission and his views of two hours' reflection, aggravated, perhaps, by an ill-digested dinner, against the "toiling upward in the night" of a man of ideas. Then De Verna died; and not a soul but was full of pity and regret that he should be cut off just when fame and fortune seemed within his grasp. A few weeks later "Nature," even after emendations and interpolations to catch the fickle popular taste, was withdrawn as an irretrievable failure. The real reason of its downfall is that while the inventor gave up the best part of his life to his work, the public had sickened of spectacles and would have none of them.



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

Photo by Falk.



AMELIA BINGHAM.

Photo by Morrison.

FEW actors have jumped into a place of such wide and secure popularity in so brief a lapse of years as CHAUNCEY OLCOTT. A sweet and cultivated singing voice, a manly and handsome appearance and a series of well-chosen plays of a stamp appealing particularly to a vast public, constitute the sound foundation of this enviable repute. His early years were marked by that shifting and see-sawing of exploits and ventures in his profession in which consists the best training-school for any actor. A foreign education, to perfect that rare voice with which a bountiful nature had equipped him, inclined him at first toward an opera career. But a hankering for the country he had left behind him,

brought him back to home shores before he had become exotic enough in name and manner to warrant his entry into the classic Metropolitan.

For a time his sun shone no higher than that of the average clever singer and actor. His remarkable vocal qualities began to attract notice while he was singing in the famous original "Old Homestead" quartet. Not long afterward everybody's heart was touched with pity at the sad and sudden misfortune which overtook poor Billy Scanlan and deprived the stage of its most charming exponent of that quaint compound of pastoral, farce, melodrama and music, known as an "Irish play." There was immediate need of a man, capable at once of good singing and acting, one above all possessed of a magnetism calculated to draw and hold

attention by sheer force of personality. Chauncey Olcott was the man at length to appear before the public in the stead of the ill-starred genius whose celebrity was almost affectionate. From the first Olcott struck the correct chord of popular sympathy, and his career thenceforward has been of most flattering fortune. His good fairy has been particularly kind to him in his choice of plays, all of which are true to their class, whose most remarkable features are simplicity, mirth and tenderness.

THE meteoric career of BLANCHE WALSH has been too often described to the envy of stage-struck maidens and to the astonishment of experienced managers who are not accustomed to the sight of such solid fame being built



OLCOTT AND TWO OF THE LITTLE ONES

Photo by Falk.

up as it were, in a night. Blanche Walsh has never yet failed to confirm the proud predictions of the far-sighted critics, who have said such pretty and hopeful things of her. As *Madame Baudin*, the innkeeper's wife, in the too much puffed play of "The Conquerors," Blanche Walsh has scored another hit. Indeed, in all the divergent criticisms of this play and the actors who represent it, Blanche Walsh is one of the few whose performance has received uniform commendation. "The Conquerors" was at first covertly advertised, in the pill known as "criticism," as the most exceptional example of pruriency with which the American stage had until now been dishonored. As a consequence, all the most modish people flocked to the most modish theatre in town, if reports be true. This much is certain, that "The Conquerors" has been running now for some months, and indications show that it may very probably outlast the season. The fact that the so-called author of the play has been accused and convicted of bodily cribbing from a piece by Sardou and a story or stories by de Maupassant, does not affect the commercial value of the production one iota. It can hardly be said to be a matter left for mooted between his conscience and himself, for himself is the party of the first and only part to the transaction in whose existence he has, up to the



MISS BLANCHE WALSH.

Photo by Morrison.

present, given cause for belief. In literature or the drama such unlicensed appropriation is called plagiarism. The severest sentence for the offence is consummate obloquy. In commercial or financial dealings the like procedure has not such an erudite name, and the penalty can be learned from the dumbest police justice.



MR. WILLIAM COURTLEIGH.

Photo by Marceau.

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH that reposeful and polished actor, who is to be "leading man" at the Lyceum Theatre next season, has stepped from the buskin of tragedy into the patent leather pump of age-end polite comedy with exquisite ease and grace. He is too well-endowed and too careful an actor ever to degenerate into a dawdling matinee hero, though the temptations be ever so enticing. It were hard to pay a higher compliment to his talent.



MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX, OF *Augustin Daly's Company*.



NINA MORRIS.

Photo by Chickering.

cess and the Butterfly," won the applause of even the severe critics of the Lyceum. She has the beauty of face and form to enhance the possession of notable dramatic force.

AMELIA SUMMERVILLE has ceased to be talked of as the plump and mirthful dairy-maid of the whilom all-celebrated "Adonis." And people are even forgetting the miraculous disappearance of an irksome avoirdupois, of which she has liberated herself by a remedy that is now to be had by all the world at so much per box or bottle. Amelia Summerville has built a much more solid fame for herself by her play-

LETTICE FAIRFAX is Augustin Daly's latest recruit from London town. She is a decidedly pretty and magnetic person, with more than usual histrionic endowment. It is not to be doubted that, under the careful and accomplished training which membership in the Daly Company insures to the least important players, this charming and talented woman will make a name and a place for herself in the hearts of Americans.

NINA MORRIS has been doing some very finished acting during this winter to the pleasure of New York audiences. Her performance of *Mrs. Sabiston* in "The Prin-



AMELIA SUMMERVILLE.

Photo by Sarony
TV



EFFIE SHANNON.

Photo by Prince.

ing in "Cumberland '61," the war-play by Franklin Fyles, which has been one of the conspicuous successes of this season. Henceforward one must look at her through different glasses, and first views incline one to believe that she will not disappoint.

EFFIE SHANNON has been a most important contributor to the success of "A Coat of Many Colors," in which smart comedy she and Herbert Kelcey have ventured as joint stars. The piece is from the pen of that witty and clever woman, Madeline Lucette Riley, whose "Christopher, Jr.," "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" and "An American Citizen" have secured for her an enlistment on the catalogue of woman-dramatists with hardly less rapidity than security. "A Coat of Many Colors" has proved far from being a detractor to her reputation; and the Kelcey-Shannon production does

the play every justice. It seems at times odd that Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon should be out of New York for a whole winter, and it makes the mind note the kaleidoscopic changes in stage life when one looks back at the fine old stock company of the Lyceum in other days. This, to be sure, with no disparagement to its successor, but with that hankering for *auld lang syne* that even the loyalest older, in the midst of newer perfections, cannot stifle. The plays even of that day are rarely heard of now, and when they are billed it is at some remote stock theatre. "The Wife" and "The Charity Ball" are replaced by such pieces as "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "The Tree of Knowledge." Herbert Kelcey, Georgia Cayvan, Effie Shannon, Fritz Williams, *et alii, alii*, are now quite separated. They have climbed higher the ladder of fame, no doubt; but can they ever be more to us than they were in those other quaint days?

Aristarch.

THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.

A PHANTASY.

BECAUSE we called it the "Family Umbrella," one would think it was common property of the family for common use. But the title was merely honorary as the umbrella had long since fallen into disuse. Just as in remote country churches you may see a palsied, white-haired man, quaking at the vestry door, yet having an air of authority. He is still known as the sexton; but, age having retired him, his son performs the office, though he now and then offers a suggestion, fancying his working days are still upon him. The Family Umbrella, had it been gifted with speech, might often have advised its owners not amiss.

In its obsolete state it had been relegated to an obscure corner in the hall, standing a silent monitor to all who passed. The ferrule rested in a nick on the floor. Some believed that the weight and long standing of the umbrella had worn this notch into the wood. But Will, who is highly imaginative and a lover of curios, told me as a matter of strictest fraternal confidence, that he had dug the hole as a resting-place for the umbrella out of *pity*. Some might be tempted to laugh at Will's sentimentality; for an instant I did not know what to do, so I merely puckered my brows and promised never to divulge the secret.

To return to the umbrella: It was the queerest, oddest, biggest, heaviest and most unlucky umbrella as was never borrowed or stolen. The rod was nearly an inch in diameter, with a heavy brass brace about the centre, where it had once been broken. The ribs looked as if they might have been filched when the crusade against telegraph wires was agitated. But I verily believe the umbrella had been made before the telegraph was thought of. The covering appeared to be recovering from a severe attack of yellow jaundice; and it had such an area of lung expansion that if you carried it in the street, it would not only envelope the two persons who might be passing on each side of you, but the ribs also would make impish efforts to transfix the eyes of any

horse that might be stalled at the curb-stone.

The handle consisted of a big knob, studded with leaden slugs—truly, a murderous contrivance. To one acquainted with the numerous peculiarities of this extraordinary umbrella, that nobody could ever take it out without falling into some mischief seems in no way improbable.

Will was coming home with it late one stormy night through an unfrequented thoroughfare, when he was arrested and brought to court next morning, charged with carrying concealed weapons. Will argued that if the weapon had been concealed the policeman could not have taken him as he was going his way in a perfectly peaceful and unsuspecting manner. Whereupon the court forthwith vociferated: "Discha-a-rge!"

On the other hand, Dick never went out carrying it but that he came back bursting with the tale of some marvelous adventure, of which he was quite naturally and unsuspectingly the hero. Dick liked to use the umbrella: it always afforded him a story.

One evening of a sloppy, dismal day, he hobbled into the hall with a woeful face, and muttering incoherently, deposited the Family Umbrella in its corner with a bang. He went to bed directly. There were no heroics; no recounting brave exploits, nothing but dark and gloomy mutterings interminable. We all thought that for once the umbrella had actually failed to provide Dick an opportunity to display his valor, and were much concerned for the effect this accident would have on his mind.

In the next morning's paper, beneath glaring headlines, we read a thrilling account of the stoppage of a mettlesome runaway horse by a mere child, who flouted a prodigious umbrella in the face of the maddened animal. Dick read the article and commented upon it with much modesty acknowledging himself once again the hero. He took exception to the mention of a "mere child," however.

As Dick then stood six feet in his stockings and was daily awaiting the arrival of a grizzled beard, it cannot be denied that his exception to the reporter's statements was a little just. We consoled him by saying that in comparison to the "prodigious" umbrella a giant would appear diminutive; but he never used it again.

It came out afterward that the "mettlesome" horse was none other than the grocer's superannuated nag, which never ran except when a fire engine was behind him; that Dick had just managed to get over the crossing, when the horse came along at a jog trot. A wicked gust of wind bore the umbrella from Dick's grasp and whipped it into the "maddened animal's" face. Dick was knocked down by the grocer's boy, who came panting after his charger, and then received the injuries which caused him to limp. Yet he always got credit for stopping the runaway, and used to tell the story with great gusto on every available occasion. He did not repeat it the last time we met; so I fear something else has occurred.

From the time of that occurrence the Family Umbrella was kept in a kind of sanctuary; but the most curious part of its history lies in its bequeathal to the family.

It was given to us by a Dr. Rose, who had lodged so long in our hall-room that he was become quite a member of the family. He was a little, trim old gentleman, with long white hair and a fine, firm countenance. Years before he came to live with us he had discontinued practice; for a day entered his life when ambition shriveled up and hope died. He was wont to sit with Dick, Will and myself in the rear room to wear away the evenings, relating to us the queer things that had happened during his medical experience. Once when he was more communicative than usual, he asked me to fetch his umbrella from the hall. It was a short time after the runaway had been stopped

by Dick—or the umbrella, as you please. Dick shivered and looked askance at it as I returned and gave it to the doctor.

Holding it tenderly, as if it were animate, he said with suppressed emotion, but quite unexpectedly, his eyes blinking unsteadily at the fire: "The wretch robbed her from me, young gentlemen, and killed her; yea, killed her with a living death. And when I met him I smashed this rod across his head. Then the coward ran away—think of it—ran away from a decrepit like me." His fingers beat nervously on the knob and his lips mumbled violently. We sat there gaping almost afraid to breathe.

"I patched the rod together," he began again, trying the brass brace, "and stuffed the knob with lead. If we ever meet again, I'll burst his skull." He had grasped the umbrella firmly by the middle and was glaring fiercely into the fire. Suddenly it dropped to the floor, the hard look vanished from his eyes and tears succeeded. "If she would only come back to me," he murmured between sobs, "only come back!" and covering his face with his hands he wept aloud.

We stole away noiselessly and gave the rest of the folks an inkling of what had occurred, so that he should not be disturbed. At six the next morning when mother went into the room to raise the shades, he was still seated where we had left him. The fire was dead and all the oil had burned out of the lamp, leaving the wick smouldering. He arose, his face dry and thoughtful, wished her good-morning in his usual calm tone, and took the umbrella out to its place in the hall. Nor did he ever make any mention of that night, though now we knew what made him always sad.

He never met his enemy nor his daughter more; and when he died he was buried as one of us. The Family Umbrella was left in the dingy nook where he last laid it and where it has since remained.



THE LITERATURE OF THE FACE, AND HOW TO READ IT.

Wrinkles are a sign either of sin or age, but most people would rather acknowledge them to be a sign of sin.

Gray eyes indicate intelligence, brown eyes passion, blue eyes coquetry, green eyes jealousy, and black eyes an unhappy married life.

A Roman nose indicates enterprise, a long nose good sense, the *nez retroussé* a spirit of mischief, and a red nose spirits of a different kind.

Thick lips mean either great genius or great stupidity, thin lips mean either great stupidity or great genius, medium lips mean much the same. As much can be learned of the character from the lips as from any other feature. Just listen to what passes between them.

If the cheek is velvety in an adult it is a sign that the owner is a woman. If covered with hair or short prickly barbs it is good betting that the owner is a man.

The age and general habits can be determined by the teeth, which is why so many people fear false ones.

If the cheeks contain dimples and the chin is slightly powdered the character of the owner is apt to be effeminate.

If the hair comes off when the hat is removed it is a sign that the owner is bald. If the color of the hair is apt to change it is a sign that the owner will dye young. The style in which the hair is worn will tell the initiated at a glance whether the owner is up with the fashions of a generation or so behind.

Overworked.

"How did Ragweed lose his mind?"

"Trying to learn the easy system for memorizing."

A Brace of Them.

Wheezer—Bracing weather, isn't it?

Squeezer—You've met Borrowit too, eh?

With Regrets.

Clarence—What are golden opportunities, pa?

Mr. Callipers—The ones we have missed.

FIFTH AVENUE APHORISMS.

Don't count your rich relation's money until he is dead.

A ring on the hand is worth two in the jewelry store.

The honeymoon is the sugar coating to the pill of matrimony.

Evening weddings make a shorter married life than afternoon or morning weddings—by several hours.

To know a count to be no account is of great account.

Wisdom is the outward sign of age, therefore appear to be as foolish as possible.

Too much polish on manners is apt to indicate that they have not long been in use.

You should marry your opposite to get a good side partner.

Any ballroom will prove that figures will lie.

A man should be well groomed, a woman well maid.

To drink out of the finger bowl may be intended as a most delicate compliment in these days of bad water.

Wear your heart on your sleeve but keep your pocketbook in a safe place.

Shake the man who shakes hands when introduced.

To say that the majority of men are cattle is to acknowledge that the rest are mere cattle drivers.



"Light Literature."



PROOF POSITIVE.

He—But if you love me so truly, dear, why do you insist on postponing our wedding?

She—We must wait until we can afford a cook.

KLONDIKE SOCIETY NOTES.

A SWEARY musicale was held in Hank Davis' palatial mud hut at Cariboo Crossing on Monday last. Dutch Pete furnished the "musicale" with his mouth-organ, and the remainder of the boys did the "sweary" part. Sailor Ben, wishing to suggest that Pete stop, repeatedly shouted "anchor." The Dutchman misunderstood the word for "encore," and had to be shot. He was very nice boiled.

Blessings never come singly. Two nice, fat, tender young men from New York arrived on Saturday. Roast dude is not so bad after all, when you can't get mule meat.

We have just observed our first signs of spring in this vicinity. It was water that flowed from a spring, but it turned our fancy to thoughts of love nevertheless.

Woman in all her loveliness has at last arrived in Klondike. She is a Tahkeena squaw, and is said to be one hundred and

ten years of age. She is very tender about her age, however. It is a fact worth noting that she understands English. Her vocabulary, however, is limited to expletives.

We have a new joke among the more intellectual members of our community. We are in the goldfields, you know. We ask one another "How gold feels," see? This is a rare treat for the intellectual. It is the only joke of the season barring the eating of a pair of rubber boots. We warned the man that he could not digest them, but he swallowed them nevertheless, saying he could digest as well that way as any other. He expired immediately.

Thermometers here are down so low that any one can afford them. The mercury freezes in the bulb. It is then broken out and worn as an ornament by the more effete.

HIS GREATEST WORK.

THE great inventor, Edison O'Tesla, sat in his workroom with his head bent. Life had proved but a hollow mockery for him after all. For years he had produced wonderful inventions but still no one had suggested erecting a statue of him in Central Park. He sighed heavily.

"Such is fame!" he cried, at length, arising and gazing at the numerous models around him. "I have built a telephone line to Mars, I have built a flying machine that is the flyest thing of its kind, I have discovered a method of producing electricity from the friction in the wheels of trade, I have constructed a submarine torpedo boat that renders America invasion-proof, in fact I have revolutionized modern life, but still a careless public refuses to honor me. Even my great photographic discovery by means of which every homely girl looks pretty did not bring the homage for which I long."

Bowing his head upon his breast he wept. Even while he wept his wife entered the workshop holding in her hand a cyclometer.

"Edison," she said, "can you fix this? It won't work."

True Love.

"'Tis hearts or diamonds," and there
Are some would rather diamonds wear

Than win a heart,
however great

The joy it might
communicate;

But I affirm I'd
rather get

The smallest heart,
to fill the lack

When I hold four
in hand to bet,

Than any diamond
in the pack.



The Usual Proof.

Lou—How do you
know his love is
genuine?

Sue—By the ring.

The wizard of the twentieth century gazed at the damaged thing a minute, and then a great cry escaped his lips.

"I have it!" he exclaimed.

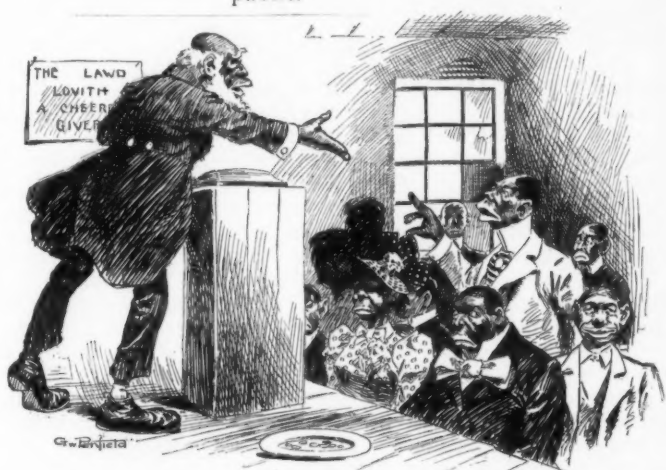
"No," said his wife, "I have it."

"Woman," he cried, "begone!" And she bewent.

Late that night he emerged from his workshop and a smile of triumph flitted about his mouth. In his hand he bore an object the size of a Waterbury watch. It was the world-renowned O'Tesla self-acting, stem-winding cyclometer, which can be wound up like a watch, and which steadily registers miles while the wheel leans against a fence and its owner drinks beer in the country inn. By means of this little patent any one with the strength to wind a watch can make a century run in twelve hours, and not get out of his easy chair.

In three months from the time the patent was put on the market the wheelmen of the United States had erected a statue of Edison O'Tesla, at a cost of \$500,000.

For it is little things like this that endear a man to the great, thoughtless public.



Ad Valorem.

The Parson—I done jes' ask ye, breddern, to put sumfin of value or wuth in de plate—an' I fin' some sinner has contributed a suspender button.

Brudder Johnson—Beg yoh' pardon, pahson, but you doan't know de value ob dat dere button—it's de last one I done had.

"The Worst Storm in Twenty Years, Sir."

THE Portia was plunging along at her maximum speed of ten knots an hour. The sea beneath and the sky above were both of an oily blackness, and the waves that lifted and pitched the stanch little steamer about seemed but the reflection of the rolling clouds that scurried across the threatening sky under the keen lash of Boreas.

"Looks like a bad night, captain," Tom ventured.

Tom was a favored passenger. He had shown himself humbly anxious to learn the art of navigation, and evidenced a keen appreciation of such crumbs of nautical knowledge as the officers cared to part with in exchange for Tom's excellent cigars; beside which he was a good listener. He eagerly drank in their tales of the sea, and generously applauded all of the ancient mariner's jests, old as Father Neptune, with which the Captain regaled us. So the officers made him a *bon camarade*, and the captain patronized him. All of which accounts for Tom's presence on the bridge, where he ostentatiously posed, to be alternately envied and ridiculed by the rest of us less favored passengers.

"Bad night, nonsense," the captain replied, loudly enough for some of us to hear, "ordinary March weather!"

"If that's the case," Tom replied, "I can only pray never to see a real storm."

"Storm, lad!" cried the captain; "wait till ye see the white-caps lashin' broadsides over the decks, and the boats carried off to leeward—then ye can talk of a storm at sea."

Tom heard us snickering over the snub, and braced himself for the occasion.

"I suppose you've seen some fearful ones, captain," he hazarded, deferentially.

"Oh, nothin' so—er—well, yes," the captain replied, a good-natured twinkle lighting his eyes. "Come to think on't, I did see one—a turble storm, I assure ye."

"Do tell me about it, captain."

We, who were huddled on the hurricane deck, crowded up close to the rail of the bridge, in silent expectation.

"Well, there isn't so much to tell—savin' that that was the only time as I ever got very seasick. Oh, ye needn't remark upon it; the best of us come so once in a while, and I think I got enough of it then to last a man a lifetime."

"It was a good many years ago. I was only a purser then, a-studyin' navigation. We'd touched for the day at Halifax to unload and take in cargo. I'd put in a pretty hard day on the wharf; and the evening I spent at the 'Squadron,' sumpin' a bottle of port or two, with maybe some Scotch, for good measure."

"We was to sail at break o' day; and about an hour afore it I helped our steward to get aboard, onsartinly reached my own cabin and turned in without much ceremony, but with most of my other clothes on."

"I reckon I'd slept as sweet as a babe for mebbe an hour or upwards, when the chug of the drivers woke me. I calkerlated as how the sea was gettin' its back up pretty high, from the way she thumped and rattled, but I'd no idee what a storm was on till I see we was pollin' ports under."

"My porthole had been left open and the water slushed in every roll, fit to swamp the steamer. Soon's I saw it, I tumbled out and fetched up ag'in the upper deck, with one leg out of the porthole, which I mention just to show how she rolled. Of course, the next lurch she

gave to port put my bunk below, where the floor should ha' been, and quite nat'rally landed me in it.

"When she fetched back, I tried it ag'in; but with no more luck than the first time. I've seen many ships in the trough, but they couldn't roll a sarcumstance to the way that steamer flung about, a-tryin' to keep above water. She acted just like a woman possessed; and the water kept floodin' in at the port, till all of my cabin was just awash.

"I hung to my berth for dear life's sake, a-watchin' my kit a-slushin' about, and then I begun to get seasick.

"Begun, did I say? There was no beginnin'; its jist quite overwhelmed me, and I gave right up—well, most everythin'. Give up tryin' to close the port give up my four-dollar lunch ashore, not to mention the wine, but give up all but my hope o' dyin'.

Lawful, Then.

Furioso—Hard luck, wasn't it? Five hundred dollar fine for beating a cook!

Toldyouso—Served you right! You should have married her first.

He Won Her.

Isaac (tenderly) Vill you dake my name?

Rebecca (coily) "Vat's in a name?"

Isaac (more tenderly) All dat I haf vill be in my wife's!



Took the Rest.

Depositor—Has your cashier left the bank?

Banker—Yes; but that's about all.

"By'm'by I heard a pound at my door, but I hadn't the spirit to answer; and after another poundin' or two, our second mate broke the door in.

"What in——" ses he.

"Is she fillin'?" ses I.

"'Tain't yer fault if she isn't," ses he, a-slammin' my port and boltin' it. 'Why in thunder'd you open it?' ses he, a-turnin' on me furious, and then he see the plight I was in and I thought he'd bust laughin'.

"'Nothin' to laugh at in such a storm," ses I, as mad as if scrapin' a mainmast.

"'Storm!' ses he. 'Where be it? We ain't stirred a foot from Tobin's wharf, and won't till the fog blows out,' ses he.

"'But the cabin's afloat from the seas,' ses I.

"'Seas be blowed,' ses he, with a grin; 'we's jist been scrubbin' the decks down.'"



Brain Food.

Rev. Nextwun—I am surprised at the intellectual activity of your people.

King Canumall—Yes; you see our last few cargoes of missionaries were shipped to us from Boston.

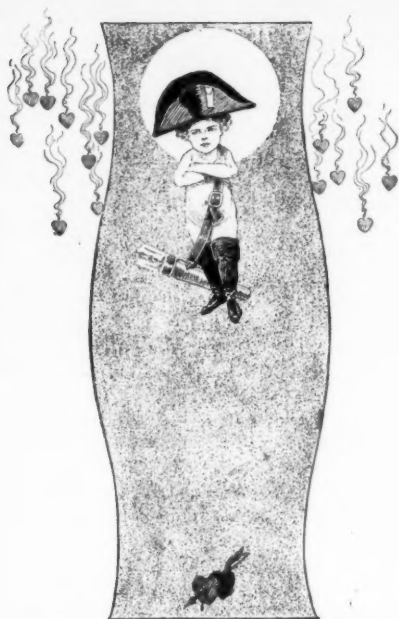
Good Authority.

She—You mustn't hug me so, Jack. How would you excuse yourself if mamma should happen to see you?

He—She's posted on the Bible isn't she?

She—Ye-es; but——

He—Then I'd quote it to her in defense. It tells us to hold fast to a good thing.



"WHO NE'ER HAS SEEN HIS WATERLOO."

No Cards.

She—"Marry in haste and repent at leisure."

He—"But those who don't—"

She—"Don't marry."

Poor Fellow.

Merchant—"Did he kick about the bill?"

Collector—"All around it. I was holding it in my hand."

Philosophy.

Mars—"Money gets a fellow into many a scrape."

Apollo—"Yes, but it also gets him out of them."

A Human Phenomenon.

Even the tallest men sometimes have occasion to observe that they are painfully short.

The Newest Vintage.

Returned Traveler—"What is the spirit of the press nowadays?"

Posted New Yorker—"Alcoholic."

SAVED!

As Eleanor de Notsomany sped swiftly down the road on her wheel, she cast a few sharp glances behind her. She saw that she was pursued. Four villains mounted on wheels and with cruel, comic-opera faces were speeding after her. She felt instinctively that if they caught up with her she would be overtaken. As she sped on she wept a little bit and a little bitterly. What her fate would be if she was overtaken she could only surmise, for she had no fortune-teller about her clothes. Every moment the villains were gaining. As I said, she cast a few sharp glances behind her. Suddenly a fearful sound smote the air. She was saved! The four villains had punctured their pneumatic tires on the sharp glances! Thus does innocence overcome evil and the repair-shop reap the benefit!

Decidedly.

Ten Broke—"He can get drunk on three beers."

Soaque—"How economical."



Spoons.

Ruth—"Why do they call it the bride-path?"

Ralph—"So many find that it paves the way to matrimony."

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ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY, BUT—

A SPECIAL train, consisting of a caboose and an engine, was steaming slowly through one of the most desolate and arid corners of Montana. It stopped abruptly and three men descended from the caboose. These were the president of the road, a surveyor and a capitalist.

"Now you see the site, what d'ye think of it?" asked the president.

"How much of it is yours?" asked the capitalist.

The president, by a glance, assigned the response to the surveyor.

"Three miles on this side of the track and two on the other, and a mile from north to south," replied the surveyor.

"What's to recommend it?" asked the capitalist, although for the past six months he had been hearing and pondering on the attractions of the land so elaborately described in the maps and prospectus of the railroad company. Nevertheless, the president again signalled the surveyor, who immediately replied:

"First, Blood River, that flows a mile south of the boundary line, can be turned up here for irrigation purposes. The line of hills to the north is a shelter. The soil is not gold-bearing, but it will yield the best that can be produced with proper care. Finally, the track will keep the place in touch with the world."

Twelve days thereafter a long stretch of flat cars was steamed to the spot. A veritable colony of surveyors, foremen and laborers alighted, dragging after them an arsenal of instruments and tools. Half a score of mules completed the caravan. The men set to work at once with an industry to put the proverbial bee to the bluish. Each day new supplies arrived with more craftsmen and each day beheld the plain assume a newer aspect. Streets and avenues were measured off; excavations made for huge buildings; and very forests of hewn timber was freighted hither for the building of cottages. A site was marked off for a church, a school, a town hall and jail; and far up the waterway of Blood River, which was to make this waste a garden, they laid out the plot of a cemetery.

While the number of workmen in-

creased and their labors took tangible and enduring form, the capitalist from his office directed the eloquent pens of half a dozen promoters, who flooded the country with circulars and ready-made editorials, picturing the prospects of the new city. In two years the census thus recorded the results of the visit of the capitalist and the chief surveyor, who was now its mayor:

"Boomville, Mont.: Thriving agricultural town; 2,000 inhab; 3 newspapers, 1 school, 3 churches. Sit. near Blood River, on the line of the N. X. & S. railroad."

On the first day of the third year of the building of the city, while the mayor was ranting his third installation speech to the rapt attention of the hardy inhabitants, a cyclone tore across the plain and dammed the Blood River with the ruins of Boomville. Travelers now on the N. X. & S. railroad point out of the car windows to the heap of shattered stone, brick and timber, amid which the hardy plain-grass forces its growth, and sneer at the art critic who said the United States has no ruins.

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HOW CAN I DO IT? In the first place I teach them my own method, and so can depend on their doing good work rapidly, thus saving money for myself. My method is easy—**child can learn it.** I would be pleased to have you take up a branch of my work, which consists in the making of Crayon Portraits. These Portraits are pictures which my agents, magazines, etc., send me to enlarge, and are copied in Crayon by the aid of my copyrighted print system.

You can send your Print back just as soon as you can finish it. If you have the time, finish it the first day, and if fairly done I will return the print the same day, with a box of work and payment for same. You do not need to practice all day, but only one hour, or less time; and after I have taught you I can get my work cheaper by you than if I employed a first-class artist at a big salary. This is the reason I can offer my work to agents, etc., cheaper than others, and I have agents in every State and Canada, and at the same time you can make fair wages from the start. An ordinary person can earn eight to sixteen dollars weekly, some do better still. You can execute the work by day or lamp light; it can be taken up and laid aside at will.

If you will engage with me and will work faithfully, I have all the work and more than you can do. I do not ask you to give me ten hours a day of your time, but whatever time you can spare. No matter if you can spare but an hour a day, as long as you do spare it. The work calls for no special talent, and if a person can read and is willing to follow my instructions, I guarantee you success from the start.



ENDORSEMENTS AND TESTIMONIALS.

To Whomsoever it May Concern.—I, the undersigned, take pleasure in saying that Mr. H. A. Gripp, the German artist, of Tyrone, Pa., has furnished my wife with work amounting from \$30.00 to \$50.00 a month since she has learned to do satisfactory work.

STEPHEN TRAYER, Pastor Lutheran Church, Petersburg, Pa.
Tyrone, Pa. To Whom it May Concern.—H. A. Gripp, of our city, has

done business with us since 1892, and we believe him to be a man of high personal integrity and honest in his dealings.

T. J. GATES, Cashier Blair Banking Co.
Tyrone, Pa. To Whom it May Concern.—The reputation of H. A. Gripp, German Artist, of this place, is good. I personally believe that he will make every honest effort to carry out all his promises. J. C. GILLAM, Mayor.

BROOKSHIRE, Walker Co., Texas.

Dear teacher and friend: At the beginning of my letter I want to thank you over and over again for the abundance of work I have received during the past eight months. I have been, to quote an expression from one of your other pupils, "snowed under" with work from Mr. Gripp. In two days I received \$20.00 worth of work. Oh! dear Mr. Gripp, I can never show you how I appreciate your goodness. Some of my friends thought that because I lived so far away I would not get any work, but I am so glad I can say they were mistaken. I am learning to work so much faster, too, and if my eyes did not trouble me, I could make \$50.00 every one of these long Summer months, but in the cloudy Winter days I simply cannot see well enough to do that much work. I would not change my present occupation under any circumstances, and if every young girl knew of your work there would be fewer in other vocations. But as you well know, there are so many fraudulent advertisements nowadays, that the much imposed upon public are loth to believe the truth when they do see it. If you wish, Mr. Gripp, you may publish this letter and perhaps it will influence some one. If any one wishes to ask an thing concerning the school and will enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope I will gladly answer all questions. Your grateful student, LELLA MAUD LESLIE.

GARDENVILLE, N. Y.

Dear teacher and friend: I enclose a picture of myself just after finishing a picture for you. I always dreaded the possibility of having to go out to work, but since I learned how to make Crayon Portraits by your method,

as I want to finish my orders which I have from friends, and am going with a party to Lake Park at the end of the month, I am writing you. You can easily imagine that I am on the level, otherwise I could not go to Lake Park, which is the greatest summer resort in the north. And, just think of it! The idea, being as poor as a tramp when I started to learn your system a year ago, having no hopes whatever of succeeding when I answered your advertisement, judging you to be a catch penny concern and never anticipating to learn your system of portrait painting in three weeks, as I have done, although I had to study your instruction book while I was learning. I am now at the top of the ladder. Every one calls me an artist and I can associate with the best class of people which I could not do before I knew that there was any one in Tyrone whose name was H. A. Gripp. You may use this letter as a testimonial and I will gladly answer any inquiry for information about your system, etc., providing they enclose a stamp. Thanking you again for past favors, I am very respectfully,
JOHN A. DIETHELM.



JOHN A. DIETHELM.

and received both my work and pay promptly, my mind is eased. I thank you for employing me and paying me so well.

Most respectfully,

ANNA SCHULTZ.

MY DEAR MR. GRIPP—I can not speak too highly of your method of teaching Crayon Portrait Painting by mail. I have found it as represented in every respect and would advise any one wishing home employment to take up the work. I received your check for \$15.00. Many thanks. Will send work received from you this morning, in a day or two. I am very truly yours,

H. H. LEMMING.

VICTORIA, Minn., June 8, 1897.—MR. H. A. GRIPP, Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for check of \$14.50, received this a. m., in payment for last week's work. I also return the roll of work which I finished yesterday. I am not working to-day, although I have another roll of work lying here. I want to have a few days' lay-off after working for you a year without missing a day. Please do not send me any more work until further notice.

I have issued a little book which will instruct you how I send my work, and explains how to finish the work, and how much I pay for each print. Also gives name and address of lots of my students, who have learned, and are working for me now all over the United States and Canada. If you really wish to make some money in spare time, or devote all your spare time to the work, send for the book at once and I will send it free of charge. This is no bogus advertisement, but necessary for me to engage good persons to work for me, and a godsend for many homes. Address plainly,

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A wise and a generous physician had such a case; he told his patient he could do nothing for her, as she was too nervous to undergo an examination. In despair, she went to visit a friend. She said to her, "Don't give up; just go to the nearest druggist's and buy a bottle of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will build you up. You will begin to feel better with the first bottle." She did so, and after the fifth bottle her health was re-established. Here is her own letter about it:

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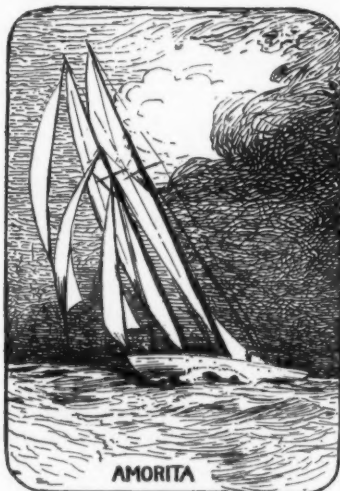
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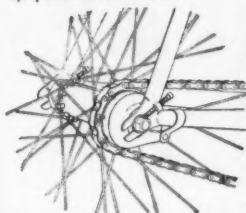
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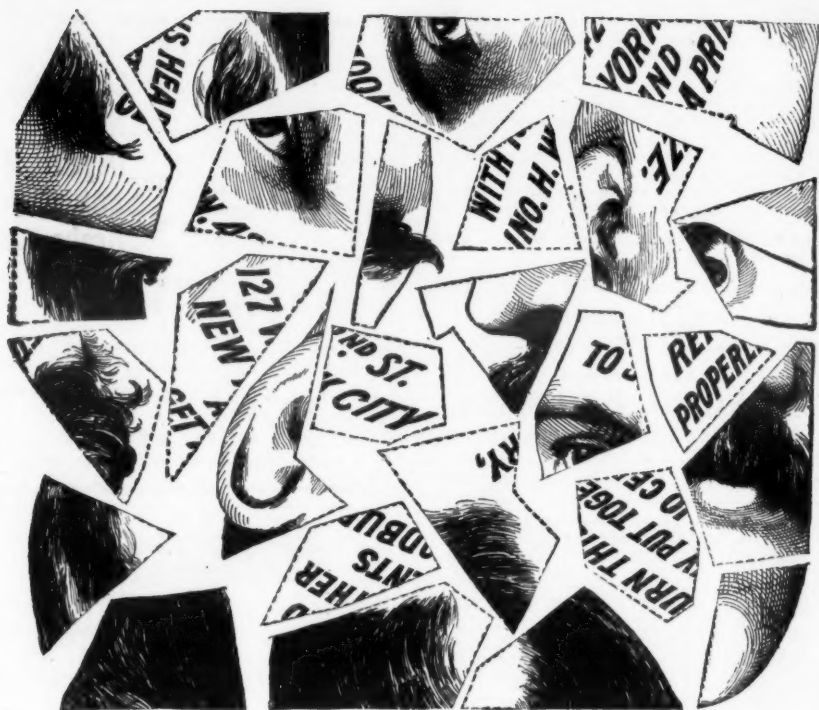
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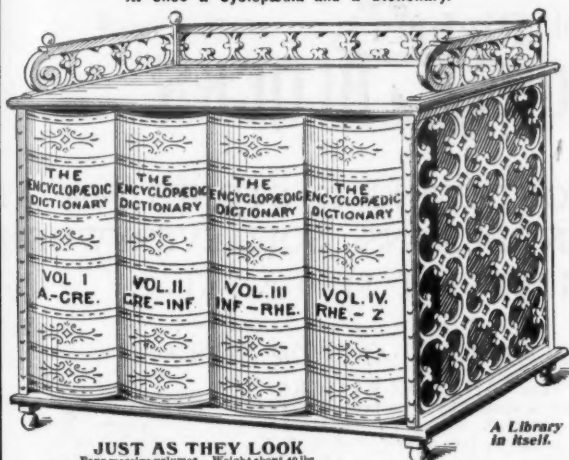
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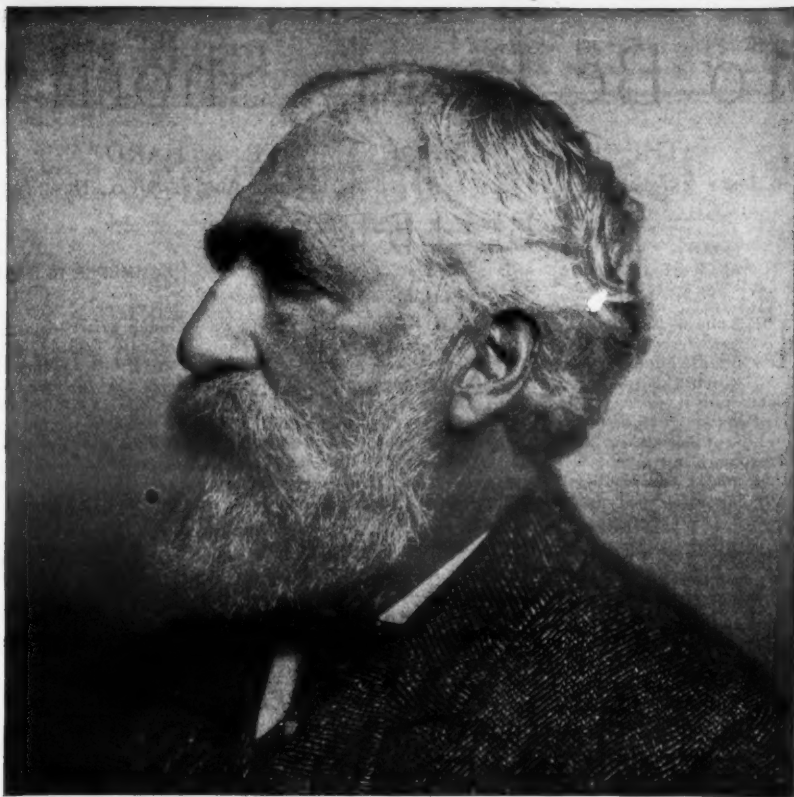
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